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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq. F.R.S. Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II.; including a Narrative of his Voyage to Tangier. Deciphered from the Shorthand MSS. in the Bodleian Library. By the Rev. J. Smith, A.M. Now First Published from the Originals. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840. Bentley.

"Pepys' Diary," edited by Lord Braybrooke, and published fourteen years ago, made the "worthy secretary" and his concerns so familiarly known to the world, that neither he nor they need any new introduction. He was a person who so curiously reflected the manners of the times in which he lived, that every thing connected with him, what he did and what he said, what he thought and what he wrote, possesses an antique value, pretty much of the same kind as the plate and jewellery of the period. The very oddness of their fashions confers an interest on the trifling articles; and in others there is a sufficiency of the sterling to recommend them. On these grounds, the remains which may yet be recovered from the repositories of the Bodleian Library, or Magdalene College, Cambridge, will always be welcome; as are even the less significant portions of the two volumes now before us. For it must be owned that Mr. Smith has given us many notices so indefinite, as to convey no useful intelligence; and many naval, and electioneering, and petty family details, which add more to the bulk than to the worth of his performance. But still there is an abundance of matter, historical, political, literary, and scientific, to reward us for the careful perusal of the whole; and there are few good librarians that will not covet the immediate possession of this publication.

Pepys was the son of John Pepys, a London tailor, who retired about 1660, on succeeding to a small estate. The present Lord Cottenham is stated to be descended from an elder branch. Samuel was educated at St. Paul's School; is mentioned amid some perplexity of dates (see p. 65) as a sizar of Trinity, and afterwards a resident of Magdalene College. Sir E. Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, was his relative, friend, and patron; and it was under his influence that he made his way in the world, and rose to wealth and authority. From his position at the Admiralty, we learn many particulars of the famous battle of Solway; and much correspondence in the first volume, commencing June 4, 1665, speaks of that fight, without disclosing any novelty with which we shall trouble our readers. The earliest letter we shall quote relates to a singular superstition: it is from a Mr. John Gibbon to Pepys, in August 1675, and runs thus:—

"Good Sir,—I pray pardon me; I am sorry I appeared so abruptly before you. I'll assure you, a paper of the same nature with the inclosed was left for you at the public office, some ten days since, as likewise for every one of the commissioners. But, sir, I am heartily glad of the miscarriage, for now I have an opportunity to request a favour, by writing,

that I could hardly have had confidence by word of mouth to have done; and in that I have much want of my friend Mr. —. Sir, a gentlewoman of my acquaintance told me she had it for a great certainty, from the family of the Montagus, that as you were one night playing late upon some musical instrument, together with your friends, there suddenly appeared a human feminine shape, and vanished, and after that continued. Walking in the garden you espied the appearing person, demanded of her if at such a time she was not in such a place. She answered, no; but she dreamed she was, and heard excellent music. Sir, satisfaction is to you my humble request. And if it be so, it confirms the opinions of the ancient Romans concerning their genii, and confutes those of the Sadducees and Epicureans (Epicureans).

"Sir, your most humble Servant,
"JOHN GIBBON."

In the following year, and considerably later, there occur some remarkable letters on the subject of Milton's Latin work, "De Doctrina Christiana," found in the State Paper Office, and edited by that learned and excellent prelate, the Bishop of Winchester. The readers of the *Literary Gazette* will remember how keenly its authenticity was questioned by the late good and venerated Bishop of Salisbury; but it must now be acknowledged not only to be proven beyond a doubt, but that the whole course of its MS. migration is clearly traced till its deposit among the papers belonging to the government of the country. It was found, as Bishop Sumner informed us, "in one of the presses, loosely wrapped in two or three sheets of printed paper, with a large number of original letters, informations, examinations, and other curious records, relative to the Popish plots in 1677 and 1678, and to the Rye-House Plot in 1683. The same parcel likewise contained a complete and corrected copy of all the Latin letters to foreign princes and states written by Milton while he officiated as Latin secretary; and the whole was inclosed in an envelope superscribed, 'To Mr. Skinner, Merchant.'"

And Mr. Smith goes on to notice:—

"As soon as George IV. had intrusted to Dr. Sumner the translation and publication of this Latin MS., the learned editor, with a promptitude worthy of the occasion, pursued his researches respecting his very unexpected discovery. There was then, however, no documentary evidence accessible to Dr. Sumner, beyond Aubrey's well-known report of Milton's 'Idea Theologicæ,' in MS., in the hands of Mr. Skinner, a merchant's son in Mark Lane.' Wood, referring to a 'friend' (whom Mr. Bliss, his latest editor, has ascertained to be Aubrey), assumes, without this friend's authority, that the 'Mr. Skinner, Merchant,' was unquestionably 'Cyrilac,' though Aubrey does not so describe him, but introduces another 'Mr. Skinner, of the Jerker's Office, up two pair of stairs, at the Custom House.' This, it is now highly probable, was Pepy's correspondent, the Skinner of whom Dr. Sumner thus wrote to Mr. Todd: 'Mr. Pulman, of the Herald's Office, is inclined to believe that he was the eldest son of Daniel

Skinner, Merchant, of the parish of St. Olave, Hart Street, which parish comprises a considerable part of Mark Lane.' It may be further conjectured, that the correspondent of Pepys had been for the last two years a junior fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge."

The first letter now recovered is from Daniel Skinner (probably named after his father), dated Rotterdam, Nov. 19th, 1676, and addressed to Pepys. It gives a very particular account of the writer being frustrated of preferment in London, borrowing 10l. of Pepys, pursuing a literary career at Nimeguen, and being promoted to a post in the English Embassy of Sir Leoline Jenkyns. Here he relates that he had provoked the disapprobation and hostility of Sir Joseph Williamson (*Keeper of the State Paper Office*), by having agreed with Daniel Elzevir, printer at Amsterdam, to print an edition of the works of Milton, of which he says:—

"Your worship may please to remember, I once acquainted you with my having the works of Milton, which he left behind him to me, which, out of pure indiscretion, not dreaming any prejudice might accrue to me, I had agreed with a printer at Amsterdam to have them printed. As good fortune would have it, he has not printed one tittle of them. About a month ago there creeps out into the world a little imperfect book of Milton's State Letters, procured to be printed by one Pitts, a bookseller in London, which he had bought of a poor fellow that had formerly surreptitiously got them from Milton. These coming out so sily, and quite unknown to me, and when I had the true and more perfect copy, with many other papers, I made my addresses to Sir Joseph Williamson, to acquaint him that there was a book come out against his authority: that, if his honour connived at that, he would please to grant me license to print mine; if not, that he would either suppress that little book, or give me leave to put (in the bottom of the Gazette) that they were printing in Holland in a larger, more complete edition. Now, sir (little thinking that Sir Joseph was such an enemy to the name of Milton), he told me he could countenance nothing of that man's writings. In his answer I acquiesced. A little while after, his honour sends for me to know what papers I had of Milton's by me, and that I should oblige him if I would permit them to his perusal; which very readily I did, thinking that it might prove advantageous to me. And finding upon this so great an access to his honour, I presented him with a Latin petitionary epistle for some preferment, either under him or by his means. His honour was pleased graciously to receive it, and in a most expressive manner to promise me any advancement that might be in his power. During this, the opportunity of going to Nimeguen happened; and, the day before I went out of England, I went to his honour for some recommendations. He returned me my papers with many thanks, and was pleased to give me a great deal of advice not to proceed in the printing of my papers at Amsterdam; that it would be an undoubted rub in any preferments of mine; and this, he said, he spoke out of

mere kindness and affection to me. I returned his honour many humble thanks, and did expressively ensure him that, as soon as I got to Amsterdam (which I took in my way on purpose), I would return my copies, and suppress them for ever. Which, sir, I have done, and have followed his honour's advice to every punctilio."

We thus see at once how the MS. came into the possession of Sir J. Williamson, and consequently into the press of the State Paper Office. Elzevir's letters to Sir J. Williamson, recently found in the same office (see Appendix, p. 297, *et seq.*), completely confirms this interesting literary history.

To vary our theme, we copy from a letter of Sir Robert Southwell his recipe for repairing a broken constitution:—

"I am here among my children, at least an innocent scene of life, and I endeavour to explain to them the difference between right and wrong. My next care is to contrive for the health which I lost by sitting many years at the sack-bottle, so that to keep myself in idleness and in motion is a great part of my discipline."

There is a good deal of correspondence respecting the invention of a secret chemical cipher, called *cryptococcinicon*; a good deal about Pepys being accused of Papistry, and confined for more than a year in the Tower; and a good deal more of his journal of the "Expedition to Tangier," and his travel thence to "Old England again." Of the last, though there are many anecdotes and matters of curiosity and interest, we shall only select one passage. Pepys writes:—

"I would not wish my sweet W. or little Jenny here; for, with sorrow and indignation I speak, it is a place of the world I would last send a young man to, but to hell. Therefore, on God's account as well as the king's, I think it high time it were dissolved."

The corruption, inefficiency, and disgrace, which attended this wretched expedition, are strikingly exhibited in all that Pepys writes concerning it. But, at least for this week, we must leave our task; and we do so with a letter from Evelyn to Pepys, which will be read with great gratification by all the literary world:—

"Deptford, October 4, 1689.

"I had been reading Aristotle's book, *Περὶ τῶν μαθητικῶν*, &c., on divination by dreams, which follows his other treatises, 'De Animâ,' 'Memoriâ,' and 'Reminiscentiâ.' The very night after, methought Mr. Pepys and I were discoursing in his library, among other things, about the ceremonious part of conversation, and visits of form, between well-bred persons; and I distinctly remember that I told him (what was true and no dream) that the late Earl of St. Alban's, uncle to Henry Jermyn, took extraordinary care at Paris that his young nephew should learn by heart all the forms of encounter and court address; such as the Latins would express by *verba honestatis*, and the French, who, if I mistake not, are masters to excess in these civilities, by *l'entre-gent*; as on occasions of giving or taking the wall, sitting down, entering in at, or going out of, the door, taking leave, *l'entréien de la ruelle*, and other encounters, *à la cavalière*, among the ladies, &c.; in all which, never was person more adroit than my late neighbour the Marquis de Ruviigne. The Italians, indeed, and Spaniards, exceed us infinitely in this point of good-breeding. Nay, I observe generally, that our women of quality often put us to 'O Lord, madam!' when we have nothing to fill

up and reply. But, *quorum hæc?* (a little patience,) I was never in my life subject to night-visions, till of late, I seldom pass without some reverie; which verifies that of St. Peter, cited from the Prophet, 'Your old men shall dream dreams;' and so you will shortly give me over for a dotard, should I continue to interrupt you with my impertinences. I will only tell you that my wife, of a much sedate temper, yet often dreaming, has now and then diverted me with stories, that hung as orderly together as studied narratives. Some I had formerly made her write down for their prettiness, very seldom broken or inconsistent, such as mine commonly are, but such as the Peripatetic means when he says, 'quæto sanguine fiunt pura somnia,' comparing those other extravagant and confused dreams to resemblances the circles of disturbed and agitated waters reflect, that blend and confound the species, and present centaurs and terrible spectres; whilst the calmer fountain gives the entire image (as it did of Narcissus in the fable) and entertains us with our waking thoughts. What could be more explicit than the above, of the cause of this variety of dreams, which he as well as Hippocrates, and others from them, attribute to the crisis and constitution of the body, and complexions co-operating with other perturbations affecting the fancy. But, leaving these to the Oneirocriticks,* I shall use them no further than to let you see how often you are in my best and sereneest thoughts: 'Amici de amicis certa sæpe somniant;' — *ἱκεταὶ τῶν φίλων*. And if the subject of my wild phantasm (which was a dialogue with you, about forms of speaking on ceremonious occasions) naturally leading me to something I lately mentioned, where I spake of academies and refining our language, have not already quite worn out your patience, I would entertain you here with a copy of what I sent our chairman some years since, as an appendix to my former letter, and as you enjoined me. 'I conceive the reason both of additions to and corruptions of the English language, as of most other tongues, has proceeded from the same causes; namely, from victories, plantations and colonies, frontiers, staples of commerce, pedantry of schools, affectation of travellers, fancy style of court, verbiage and mincing of citizens, pulpits, the bar, politicians, remonstrations, theatres, shops, &c. The parts affected with it may be found to proceed from the accent, analogy, direct interpretation, tropes, phrases, and the like. I did therefore humbly propose,

—1. That there might be compiled a grammar for the precepts, which (as it did the Romans, when Crates transferred the art to that city, followed by Diomedes, Priscian, and others who understood it) might only insist on the rules, the sole means of rendering it a learned and a learnable tongue. 2. That with this, a more certain orthography were introduced, as by leaving out superfluous letters, &c. such as o in women, people; u in honour; a in reproach; ugh in thought, and the like. 3. That there were invented some new periods and accentuations, besides such as our grammarians and critics use, which might assist, in spirit, and modify the pronunciation of words and whole sentences, and stand as marks and warnings before them, how the voice and tone of the reader is to be governed; as in reciting plays, reading verses, &c., for regulating the key, and varying the tone of the voice and affection, not without some directions for the hand, and gesture of the body. 4. To this might follow a lexicon, comprehending by them-

selves all pure and genuine English words. Then, derivatives with prime, certain, and natural significations. Then symbolical, so as no innovation be admitted or favoured, till there arise some necessity of a new edition amplifying the old on mature consideration. 5. That, in order to this, some were appointed to collect all technical words and terms, especially those of the more liberal employments, as the author of the '*Essais des Merveilles de la Nature et des plus Nobles Artifices*' has done for the French; Monsieur Felibien, the mechanical; Mr. Moxon, for some of the English; and Fr. Junius, John Laët, and others, endeavoured for the Latin: but these must be gleaned from shops, not from books. 6. That things difficult to be translated or expressed, and such as are, as it were, incommensurable one to another, *verbi gratia*, determinations of weights and measures, coins, honours, national habits, arms, dishes, drinks, municipal constitutions of courts, old and abrogated customs, &c., were better interpreted than, as yet, we find them, in dictionaries, glossaries, and noted in the lexicon. 7. That a full catalogue of exotic words and phrases, daily minted by our *logodactyls*, were exhibited, and it were resolved on what should be sufficient to render them current *ut civitate donata*; since without some restraining that same *indomitam novandi verborum licentiam*, it must in time quite disguise the language. There are elegant words, chiefly introduced by physicians and philosophers, &c., worthy to be entertained: others, perhaps, fitter to be discarded, seeing there ought to be a law, as well as a liberty, in this particular. In this choice, some regard should be had to well-sounding and more harmonious words, and such as are numerous and apt to fall gracefully into their cadences and periods, and so recommend themselves, as it were, at the very first sight. Others, like false stones, will never shine or be set to any advantage in whatever light they are placed, but embase the rest. Here it may be noted, that such as continue long in universities greatly affect words and expressions nowhere in use besides, as may be observed, for Cambridge, in Cleveland's Poems: and there are some Oxford words, as I might instance in several used by others. 8. Previous inquiry should be made what particular dialects, idioms, and proverbs, are in use in several parts and counties of England; for the words of the present age being properly the vernacular, or classic rather, special regard is to be had of them; and this consideration alone admits of vast improvements. 9. It were haply not amiss that there were a collection of the most quaint and courtly expressions, by way of *Florilegium*, distinct from provincialisms, &c. For we are exceedingly defective in our civil addresses, excuses, apologies, and forms, on sudden and unpremeditated, though daily encounters, in which the Frenchman, Italian, and Spaniard, have a kind of natural grace and talent, which furnishes the conversation, and renders it very agreeable. Here might come in *synonyma, homonymia*, &c. 10. Since there is likewise a manifest rotation and circling of words and phrases, which go out and come in, like the mode and fashion, books would be consulted for the reduction of some of the old-laid-aside words and expressions, had formerly in *delictis*; for our language is in some places barren by reason of this depopulation, as I may call it, and therefore such wastes and deserts should be cultivated and enriched, either with the former, if significant, or some other. For example, we have hardly any words that so fully express the French *cliquant, naïveté*,

* "Interpreters of dreams."

ennui, bizarre, concert, fauconnier, chicaneries, consommé, emotion, deferes, effort, choc, tour, detaché. Ital. *vaghezza, garbato, duello, cruppo*, &c. We should therefore, as the Romans did the Greek, make as many of these do homage as are likely to prove good citizens. 11. Something might well be translated out of Cicero, Demosthenes, the Greek and Latin poets, and even of the modern languages, that so some judgment might be made concerning the elegance of the style and colours, and so a laudable and unaffected imitation of the best and choicest recommended. Nor should there be wanting copia of epithets, and variety of expressing the same thing, several ways, such as the 'Poetische Diction' of Tomaso Caraffa, for the help of poets, preachers, orators, &c. 12. Finally, there must be a stock of reputation gained by some public writings and compositions of the members of the assembly, that so, as I intimated in my letter to you, others may not think it a grace to come under the test, and accept them for judges and approbators, &c. Were the design thus far advanced, I conceive a very small matter would despatch the art of rhetoric, which the French proposed as the next to be recommended to their academicians.

Ταῦτα μὲν οὖν τοῦτον ἱκανοὺς ἔργων.
So much for this, and, I fear, too much, now I see how I have blurred; but 'tis not worth the writing fairer. I stayed, sir, at Lambeth with his grace till past four, being to return with the bishops, and go home, as I was engaged, that evening. I called at your house, but you were gone forth, they told me, in your coach, which made me conclude it was not to Lambeth, where I should have been sorry not to have waited on you. I have now gotten me a pair of new horses, but they are very young, and hardly broken to the coach as yet. So soon as I may trust them, and that the weather be a little settled, I shall not fail of waiting on you at Mr. Charleton's, and those other virtuosos."

Fugitive Verses. By Joanna Baillie, author of "Dramas of the Passions," &c. 12mo. pp. 408. London, 1840. Moxon.

AMONG the services being continually rendered by this publisher to the polite literature and poetical taste of his country,—services which entitle him to the applause of every lover of either,—he could hardly have rendered one more agreeable than by giving us this edition of Joanna Baillie's *Fugitive Verses*. They belong to a school which has been too much obliterated by the stronger features of romance and passion, of highly wrought sentiment and highly painted guilt, which, appealing to the public mind with extraordinary force, have monopolised, rather than taken their fair share in, the general productive circle of a nation's genius. But after stimulants and excitement it is pleasant to bring the appetite again to what is simple and natural, as it is to forget the storm in the bosom of repose, or retire from the thundering of eloquence into the easy familiarity of rational conversation. It is thus that we are charmed with the nature and simplicity of poems composed anterior to the last half century—"written previous to 1790;" and scarcely less so with the more familiar pieces since that period; the former occupying 116 pages, and the latter the remainder of the volume.

Of the whole Mrs. Baillie says, with a true feeling of modest self-esteem:—

"This book does not hold out the allurements of novelty. As among an assembly of strangers, however, we sometimes look with

more good-will upon a few recognised faces that had been nearly lost or forgotten, though never much valued at any time, than upon those whom we have never before beheld; so I venture to hope, that upon the simple plea of old acquaintances they may be received with some degree of favour. Be this as it may, I am unwilling to quit the world and leave them behind me in their unconnected state, or to leave the trouble of collecting and correcting them to another; the songs written in the Scotch dialect making it somewhat more difficult. The occasional pieces for the first time offered to the public have another disadvantage to contend with. Modern poetry, within these last thirty years, has become so imaginative, impassioned, and sentimental, that more homely subjects, in simple diction, are held in comparatively small estimation. This, however, is a natural progress of the art, and the obstacles it may cast in the way of a less gifted, or less aspiring genius, must be submitted to with a good grace. Nay, they may even sometimes be read with more relish from their very want of the more elevated flights of fancy, from our natural love of relaxation after having had our minds kept on the stretch, by following, or endeavouring to follow, more sublime and obscure conceptions. He who has been coursing through the air in a balloon, or ploughing the boundless ocean in the bark of some dauntless discoverer, or careering over the field on a war-horse, may be very well pleased after all to seat himself on a bench by his neighbour's door, and look at the meadows around him, or country people passing along the common from their daily work. Let me then be encouraged to suppose that something of this nature may, with the courteous reader, operate in my behalf. The early poems that stand first in the arrangement of this book, I now mention last. They are taken from a small volume, published by me anonymously many years ago, but not noticed by the public, or circulated in any considerable degree. Indeed, in the course of after years it became almost forgotten by myself, and the feelings of my mind in a good measure coincided with the neglect it had met with. A review of those days had spoken of it encouragingly, and the chief commendation bestowed was, that it contained true, unsophisticated representations of nature. This cheered me at the time, and then gradually faded from my thoughts. * * * Having," she adds, after some further explanation, "said all that I dare to procure a lenient reception to the following pages, which contain nearly all the occasional lines written under various circumstances and impressions of a long life, I have nothing more to urge, as I will not, from feelings that may easily be imagined, make any remarks on the latter part of the volume, appropriated to devotional and sacred subjects. To avoid any imputation of forwardness or presumption, however, I think it right to mention that those hymns marked 'For the Kirk,' were written at the request of an eminent member of the Scotch Church, at a time when it was in contemplation to compile, by authority, a new collection of hymns and sacred poetry for the general use of parochial congregations. It would have gratified me extremely to have been of the smallest service to the venerable church of my native land, which the conscientious zeal of the great majority of an intelligent and virtuous nation had founded; which their unconquerable courage, endurance of persecution, and unwearied perseverance, had reared into a church as effective for private virtue and ecclesiastical government, as any Protestant establishment in

Europe. I was proud to be so occupied; my heart and my duty went along with it; but the General Assembly, when afterwards applied to, refused their sanction to any new compilation, and what I had written, and many sacred verses from far better poets, proved abortive. That clergymen, who had been accustomed from their youth to hear the noble Psalms of David sung by the mingled voices of a large congregation swelling often to a sublime volume of sound, elevating the mind and quickening the feelings beyond all studied excitements of art, should regard any additions or changes as presumptuous, is a circumstance at which we ought not to be surprised."

Would that "the Kirk" shewed as much wisdom now, or as well merited the warm eulogium the writer here bestows upon it: but our task is with poetry, not polemics.

The first poem in the volume is entitled "The Winter's Day," and it is paired by another called "The Summer's Day;" both reminding us much of Thomson, upon whom it is evident the young Scottish aspirant formed her earlier efforts. The inspiration was from a pure source, and the thoughts and style not unworthy of the original model. Miss Baillie is, indeed, even more faithful in details, polishes and elevates less, and yet is at no great distance for sweet and captivating poetry.

Ex. gr. :—

"The night comes on apace—
Chill blows the blast and drives the snow in wreaths;
Now every creature looks around for shelter,
And, whether man or brute, all move alike
Towards their homes, and happy they who have
A house to screen them from the piercing cold!
Lo, o'er the frost a reverend form advances!
His hair white as the snow on which he treads,
His forehead marked with many a care-worn furrow,
Whose feeble body bending o'er a staff,
Shews still that once it was the seat of strength,
Though now it shakes like some old ruined tower.
Clothed indeed, but not disgraced, with rags,
He still maintains that decent dignity
Which well becomes those who have served their country.

With tottering steps he gains the cottage door:
The wife within, who hears his hollow cough,
And pattering of his stick upon the threshold,
Sends out her little boy to seek who's there.
The child looks up to mark the stranger's face,
And, seeing it enlightened with a smile,
Holds out his tiny hand to lead him in.
Round from her work the mother turns her head,
And views them, not ill pleased.
The stranger whines not with a piteous tale,
But only asks a little to relieve
A poor old soldier's wants.
The gentle matron brings the ready chair,
And bids him sit to rest his weary limbs,
And warm himself before her blazing fire.
The children, full of curiosity,
Flock round, and with their fingers in their mouths
Stand staring at him, while the stranger, pleased,
Takes up the youngest urchin on his knee.
Proud of his seat, it wags its little feet,
And prates, and laughs, and plays with his white locks.
But soon a change comes o'er the soldier's face:
His thoughtful mind is turned on other days,
When his own boys were wont to play around him,
Who now lie distant from their native land
In honourable but untimely graves!
He feels how helpless and forlorn he is,
And big, round tears course down his withered cheeks.
His toilsome daily labour at an end,
In comes the wearied master of the house,
And marks with satisfaction his old guest
In the chief seat, with all the children round him.
His honest heart is filled with manly kindness,
He bids him stay and share their homely meal,
And take with them his quarters for the night.
The aged wanderer thankfully accepts,
And by the simple hospitable board,
Forgets the by-past hardships of the day.

When all are satisfied, about the fire
They draw their seats, and form a cheerful ring.
The thrifty housewife turns her spinning-wheel;
The husband, useful even in his hour
Of ease and rest, a stocking knits, belike,
Or plait stored rushes, which, with after-skill
Into a basket formed, may do good service,
With eggs or butter filled at fair or market."

The whole poem is like to this, and all its pictures of rural life equally touching and true. We must endeavour to select a passage

from "Summer" as another example,—this is morning:—

"For now the sun, slow moving in his glory,
Above the eastern mountains lifts his head;
The webs of dew spread o'er the hoary lawn,
The smooth, clear bosom of the settled pool,
The polished ploughshare on the distant field,
Catch fire from him, and dart their new hot beams
Upon the gazing rustic's dazzled sight.

The wakened birds upon the branches hop,
Peck their soft down, and bristle out their feathers,
Then stretch their throats, and trill their morning song,
While dusky crows, half swinging over head,
Upon the topmost boughs, in lordly pride,
Mix their hoarse croaking with the linnets' note,
Till, in a gathered band of close array,
They take their flight to seek their daily food.
The villager wakes with the early light,
That through the window of his cot appears,
And quits his easy bed; then o'er the fields
With lengthened active strides betakes his way,
Bearing his spade or hoe across his shoulder,
Seen glancing as he moves, and with good will
His daily work begins.

The sturdy sunburnt boy drives forth the cattle,
And, pleased with power, bestows the lagging kine
With stern authority, who fail would stop
To crop the tempting bushes as they pass.
At every open door, in lawn or lane,
Half-naked children, half-awake are seen
Scratching their heads, and blinking to the light,
Till, rousing by degrees, they run about,
Roll on the sward, and in some sandy nook
Dig caves, and houses build, full oft defaced,
And oft begun again, a daily pastime.

The housewife, up by times, her morning cares
Tends busily; from tubs of curdled milk,
With skilful pence draws the clear green whey
From the pressed bosom of the snowy curd,
While her brown comely maid, with tucked-up sleeves
And swelling arm, assists her. Work proceeds,
Pots smoke, pails rattle, and the warm confusion
Still more confused becomes, till in the mould
With heavy hands the well-squeezed curd is placed."

In the latter portion of the volume, "Lines to Scott," and "to Sotheby," draw delightful portraits of these departed sons of song; and to the accuracy of their traits, though painted in the kindest spirit, we can bear testimony. We cannot help quoting the opening of the last, as a just tribute to the memory of our old and esteemed friend, whom Byron so sarcastically and injuriously called "Some bustling Botheby."

"Learning and fancy were combined
To stimulate his manly mind;
Open, generous, and acute,
Steady of purpose, in pursuit
Ardent and hopeful; all the while
In childlike ignorance of guile.
There are, who say, that every lurk concealed
Where genius strives, by slightest traits revealed,
A truth, if truth it be, by him forgot,
He turned his eyes away and saw it not.
Success in others, frank and free,
He hailed with words of friendly glee,
Praise given to them he could not feel
Did aught from his own portion steal;
And when offence, designed and rude,
Did on his peaceful path obtrude,
He soon forgave the paltry pain,
Nor could resentment in his breast retain.
His was the charity of right good-will,
That loves, confides, believes, and thinks no ill.
He, by his Saviour's noble precepts led,
Still followed what was right with heart and head.
Religion did with lofty honour dwell
Within his bosom's sacred cell."

We must now content ourselves,—leaving the fine Scottish, tragic, and supernatural ballads, the songs which are not so good, and the sacred poetry, which is most honourable to the heart and head of the author,—with a brief specimen of the familiar style in part of an address to a steamboat:—

"Freighted with passengers of every sort,
A motley throng, thou leavest the busy port:
Thy long and ample deck,—where scattered lie,
Baskets, and cloaks, and shawls of crimson dye;
Where dogs and children through the crowd are straying,
And on his bench apart the fiddler playing,
While matron dames to tresselled seats repair,—
Seems, on the glassy waves, a floating fair.

Its dark form on the sky's pale azure cast,
Towers from this clustering group thy pillared mast;
The dense smoke, issuing from its narrow vent,
Is to the air in curls of vapour sent,
Which coiling and uncoiling on the wind,
Trails, like a writhing serpent, far behind.
Beneath, as each merged wheel its motion plies,
On either side the white-churned waters rise,

And newly parted from the noisy fray,
Track with light ridges foun thy recent way,
Then far diverged, in many a lustrous line
On the still-moving distant surface shine.

Thou holdest thy course in independent pride;
No leave askest thou of either wind or tide.
To what'er point the breeze inconstant veer,
Still doth thy careless helmsman onward steer;
As if the stroke of some magician's wand
Had lent thee power the ocean to command.
What is this power which thus within thee lurks,
And all unseen, like a masked giant works?
Even that which gentle dames at morning tea,
From silver urn ascending, daily see
With tressy wreathings borne upon the air
Like loosened ringlets of a lady's hair?
Or rising from th' enamelled cup beneath:
With the soft fragrance of an infant's breath:
That which within the peasant's humble cot
Comes from the uncovered mouth of savoury pot,
As his kind mate prepares his noonday fare,
Which cur, and cat, and rosy urchins, share;
That which, all silvered by the moon's pale beam
Precedes the mighty Geyser's up-cast stream,
What time, with bellying din, exploded forth,
It decks the midnight of the frozen north,
While travellers from their skin-spread couches rise
To gaze upon the sight with wondering eyes.

Thou hast to those "in populous city pent"
Glimpses of wild and beauteous nature lent,
A bright remembrance ne'er to be destroyed,
That proves to them a treasure long enjoyed,
And for this scope to beings erst confined,
I fain would hail thee with a grateful mind."

The Hour and the Man. A Historical Romance. By Harriet Martineau. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Moxon.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVREURE, one of the most extraordinary men of the Negro race with whose exploits we are acquainted, is the hero of this new work by Miss Martineau; and the revolution in St Domingo supplies the scene and incidents. The choice is a curious one, but the character possesses novelty, the seat of action is susceptible of picturesque descriptions, and the events are of a stirring kind. A sense of justice also seems to have prompted the pen in this selection; and believing that Toussaint has been misrepresented and vilified by the French authorities, our country-woman has stood forward to rescue his memory from these aspersions, and point indignation where it is truly deserved, to his cruel betrayal and dismal murder.

As in other cases, we are sorry to see fiction mixed up with so excellent a design. Unable to separate the absolute facts from the inventions meant to embellish them, the reader knows not where to attach weight to the statements laid before him, and is lost between the two discordant materials. Indeed, Miss Martineau's narrative is but an expansion of the real story which she tells in an appendix; and thus, in the present instance, we may be kept from the paths of ornamental error: the whole may be summed up in her own words:—

"Those who feel interest enough in the extraordinary fortunes of Toussaint l'Ouvreure to inquire concerning him from the Biographical Dictionary and Popular Histories of the day, will find in them all the same brief and peremptory decision concerning his character. They all pronounce him to have been a man of wonderful sagacity, endowed with a native genius for both war and government; but savage in warfare; hypocritical in religion,—using piety as a political mask; and in all his affairs the very prince of dissemblers. It is true that this account consists neither with the facts of his life, the opinions of the people he delivered, nor the state documents of the island he governed. Yet it is easy to account for. The first notices of him were French, reported by the discomfited invaders of St. Domingo to writers imbued with the philosophy of the days of the Revolution; and later accounts are copies of these earlier ones. From the time when my attention was first fixed on this hero,

I have been struck with the inconsistencies contained in all reports of his character which ascribe to him cruelty and hypocrisy; and, after a long and careful comparison of such views with his words and deeds, with the evidence obtainable from St. Domingo, and with the temper of his times in France, I have arrived at the conclusion that his character was, in sober truth, such as I have endeavoured to represent it in the foregoing work. * * The wars of St. Domingo were conducted in a most barbarous spirit before the time of Toussaint's acquisition of power and after his abduction. During the interval, the whole weight of his influence was given to curb the ferocity of both parties. He pardoned his personal enemies (as in the instance of the mulattoes in the church); and he punished in his followers, as the most unpardonable offence they could commit, any infringement of his rule of 'No Retaliation.' When it is considered that the cruelties perpetrated in the rising of 1791, and renewed after the fall of Toussaint, were invented by the whites, and copied by the negroes (who were wont to imitate their masters in all they did), it is no small evidence of L'Ouvreure's magnanimity that he conceived, illustrated, and enforced, in such times, such a principle as that of 'No Retaliation.' All the accounts of him agree that, from his earliest childhood, he was distinguished by a tenderness of nature which would not let him hurt a fly. He attached to himself the cattle and horses which were under his charge when a boy, to a degree which made him famous in a region where cruelty to animals at the hands of slaves was almost universal. A man who lived till fifty, remarkable for a singular gentleness and placability, ought not to be believed sanguinary from that time forward, on the strength of the unsupported charges of his disappointed enemies. Piety was also his undisputed early characteristic. A slave, bringing to the subject of religion the aptitude of the negro nature, early treated with kindness by a priest, evincing the spirit of piety from his infant years, finding in it the consolations required by a life of slavery, and guided by it in a course of the strictest domestic morality, while surrounded by licentiousness, may well be supposed sincere in his religion, under a change of circumstances occurring after he was fifty years of age. The imputation of hypocrisy is not, however, much to be wondered at, when it is considered that, at the time when the first notices of Toussaint were written at Paris, it was the fashion there to believe that no wise man could be sincerely religious.

As for the charge of general and habitual dissimulation, it can only be said that, while no proof of the assertion is offered, there is evidence, in all the anecdotes preserved of him, of absolute frankness and simplicity. I rather think that it was the incredible extent of his simplicity which gave rise to the belief that it was assumed in order to hide cunning. * * The charge of personal ambition is, above all, contradicted by facts. If any thing is clear in Toussaint's history, it is that his ruin was owing to his loyalty to France, his misplaced trust in Napoleon, and his want of personal ambition. He did not, as he might have done, make himself a sovereign when France was wholly occupied with European warfare. He did not, as he might have done, prepare his people to resist the power of the mother country, when she should at length be at liberty to reclaim the colony. He sent away the French commissaries only when, by their ignorance

and incompetency, they perilled the peace and safety of the colony. He cherished the love of the mother country in the hearts of the negroes to the very last moment,—till the armament which came to re-establish slavery appeared on the shores,—till it was too late to offer that resistance which would have made him a king. Christophe's view of this part of his conduct is given in a manifesto, dated in the eleventh year of the Independence of Hayti:—*Toussaint l'Ouverture*, under his paternal administration, had reinstated, in full force, law, morals, religion, education, and industry. Agriculture and commerce were flourishing. He favoured the white colonists, particularly the planters. Indeed, his attentions and partialities had been carried to such a length, that he was loudly blamed for entertaining more affection for them than for those of his own colour. Nor was this reproach without foundation; for, a few months before the arrival of the French, he sacrificed his own nephew, General Moyse, who had disregarded the orders he had given for the protection of the colonists. That act of the governor, added to the great confidence he had placed in the French authorities, was the principal cause of the feeble resistance the French encountered in Hayti. Indeed, his confidence in these authorities was such, that he had discharged the greater part of the regular troops, and sent them back to the tillage of the soil.—*Haytian Papers*, p. 158. Such conduct is a sufficient answer to the allegation that Toussaint was actuated by a selfish ambition, cunning in its aims, and cruel in its use of means.*

Then we have the sad account of his mysterious death:—

"Great mystery hangs over the tale of Toussaint's imprisonment and death. It appears that he was confined in the Temple only as long as Napoleon had hopes of extorting from him information about the treasures, absurdly reported to have been buried by him in the *mornes*,^o under circumstances of atrocious cruelty. It has been suggested that torture was employed by Buonaparte's aide, Caffarelli, to procure the desired confession: but I do not know that the conjecture is founded on any evidence. As to the precise mode of L'Ouverture's death, there is no certainty. The only point on which all authorities agree is, that he was deliberately murdered: but whether by mere confinement in a cell whose floor was covered with water, and the walls with ice (a confinement necessarily fatal to a negro), or by poison, or by starvation in conjunction with disease, may, perhaps, never be known. The report which is, I believe, the most generally believed in France, is that which I have adopted,—that the commandant, when his prisoner was extremely ill, left the fortress for two or three days, with the key of Toussaint's cell in his pocket; that on his return he found his prisoner dead; and that he summoned physicians from Pontarlier, who examined the body, and pronounced a serious apoplexy to be the cause of death. It so happened that I was able, in the spring of last year, to make some inquiry upon the spot; the result of which I will relate. I was travelling in Switzerland with a party of friends, with whom I had one day discussed the fortunes and character of Toussaint. I had then no settled purpose of writing about him, but was strongly urged to it by my companions. On the morning of the 15th of May, when we were draw-

ing near Payerne from Freyburgh, on our way to Lausanne, I remembered and mentioned that we were not very far from the fortress of Joux, where Toussaint's bones lay. My party were all eager that I should visit it. There were difficulties in the way of the scheme; the chief of which was that our passports were not so signed as to enable us to enter France; and the nearest place where the necessary signature could be obtained was Berne, which we had left behind us the preceding day. I had, however, very fortunately, a secretary of state's passport, besides the Prussian consul's; and this second passport, made out for myself and a *femme-de-chambre*, had been signed by the French minister in London. One of my kind companions offered to cross the frontier with me as my *femme-de-chambre*, and to help me in obtaining access to the prison of Toussaint,—an offer I was very thankful to accept. At Payerne, we separated ourselves and a very small portion of luggage from our party, whom we promised to overtake at Lausanne in two or three days. We engaged for the trip a double *char-à-banc*, with two stout little horses, and a *brave homme* of a driver, as our courteous landlady at Payerne assured us. Passing through Yverdon, we reached Orbe by five in the afternoon, and took up our quarters at the Guillaume Tell, full of expectation for the morrow. On the 16th, we had breakfasted, and were beginning the ascent of the Jura before seven o'clock. The weather was fine; and we enjoyed a succession of interesting objects, till we reached that which was the motive of our excursion. First, we had that view of the Alps which, if it were possible, it would be equally useless to describe to any who have and any who have not stood on the eastern slope of the Jura, on a clear day. Then we wound among the singular defiles of this mountain-range till we reached the valley which is commanded by Jougne. Here we alighted, climbing the slope to the gate of the town, while the carriage was slowly dragged up the steep, winding road. Our appearance obviously perplexed the two custom-house officers, who questioned us, and peeped into our one bag and our one book ('The Handbook of Switzerland') with an amusing air of suspicion. My companion told that the aim of our journey was the fortress of Joux; and that we expected to pass the frontier again in the afternoon on our return to Orbe. Whether they believed us, or, believing, thought us very foolish, is best known to themselves; but I suspect the latter, by their compliments on our cleverness on our return. At Jougne we supplied ourselves with provisions, and then proceeded through valleys, each narrower than the last, more dismal with pines, and more chequered with snow. The air of desolation, here and there rendered more striking by the dreary settlements of the charcoal-burners, would have been impressive enough, if our minds had not been full of the great negro, and therefore disposed to view every thing with his eyes. The scene was exactly what I have described in my story, except that a good road, made since Toussaint's time, now passes round and up the opposite side of the rock from that by which he mounted. The old road, narrow and steep, remains, and we descended by it. We reached the court-yard without difficulty, passing the two drawbridges and portcullis described. The commandant was absent, and his lieutenant declared against our seeing any thing more than the great wheel and a small section of the battlements. But for great perseverance, we should have seen nothing more; but we obtained, at last, all we wanted. We passed through the vault and

passages I have described, and thoroughly examined the cell. No words can convey a sense of its dreariness. I have exaggerated nothing;—the dim light, the rotten floor, shining like a pond, the drip of water, the falling flakes of ice, were all there. The stove was removed, but we were shewn where it stood. There were only three persons who pretended to possess any information concerning the negro prisoner. The soldier who was our principal guide appeared never to have heard of him. A very old man in the village, to whom we were referred, could tell us nothing but one fact, which I knew before,—that Toussaint was deprived of his servant some time before his death. A woman in the sutler's department of the fortress pretended to know all about him; but she had never seen him, and had no further title to authority than that her first husband had died in the St. Domingo invasion. She did us the good service of pointing out the grave, however. The brickwork which surrounds the coffin now forms part of a new wall; but it was till lately within the church. This woman's story was that which was probably given out on the spot, to be told to inquirers; so inconsistent is it in itself, and with known facts. Her account was, that Toussaint was carried off from St. Domingo by the ship in which he was banqueted by Leclerc (the last of a line of two hundred) weighing anchor without his perceiving it, while he was at dinner. The absurdity of this beginning shews how much reliance is to be placed upon the rest of her story. She declared that the Commandant Rubaut had orders from the government to treat the prisoner well; that his servant remained with him to the last; that he was well supplied with books, allowed the range of the fortress, and accustomed to pass his days in the house of the Commandant, playing cards in the evenings; that on the last night of his life he excused himself from the card-table on the plea of being unwell; that he refused to have his servant with him, though urged not to pass the night alone; that he was left with fire, fauteuil, flambeaux, and a book, and found dead in his chair in the morning; and that the physicians who examined the body declared his death to have been caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel in the heart. This last particular is known to be as incorrect as the first. As for the rest, this informant differs from all others in saying that Mars Plaisir remained with his master to the last day of his life; and we may ask why Toussaint's nights were to be passed in his horrible cell if his days were so favoured? and how it was that no research availed to discover to the eager curiosity of all Europe and the West Indies the retreat of L'Ouverture, if he, a negro, was daily present to the eyes of the garrison of the fortress, and to those of all the inhabitants of the village, and of all the travellers on that road who chose to raise their eyes to the walls? Our third informant was a boy, shrewd and communicative, who could tell us the traditions of the place; and, of course, young as he was, nothing more. It was he who shewed us where the additional stove was placed when winter came on. He pointed to a spot beside the fireplace, where he said the straw was spread on which Toussaint lay. He declared that Toussaint lived and died in solitude; and that he was found dead and cold, lying on that straw,—his wood fire, however, not being wholly extinguished. The dreary impressions of the place saddened our minds for long after we had left it; and, glad as we were, on rejoining our party at Lausanne, to report the complete success of our enterprise,

* I believe the term '*morne*' is peculiar to St. Domingo. A *morne* is a valley, whose bounding hills are themselves backed by mountains."

we cannot recur to it, to this day, without painful feelings. How the lot of Toussaint was regaled by the generous spirits of the time is shewn in a sonnet of Wordsworth's, written during the disappearance of L'Ouverture. Every one knows this sonnet; but it may be read by others, as by me, with a fresh emotion of delight, after having dwelt on the particulars of the foregoing history.

* Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillow'd in some deep dungeon's earless den:—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not: do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies,
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies:
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.*

The family of Toussaint were first sent to Bayonne, and afterwards to Agen, where one of the sons died of a decline. The two elder ones, endeavouring to escape from the surveillance under which they lived, were embarked for Belle Isle, and imprisoned in the citadel, where they were seen in 1803. On the restoration of the Bourbons, not only were they released, but a pension was settled on the family. Madame l'Ouverture died, I believe, in the south of France, in 1816, in the arms of Placide and Isaac (two of her sons)."

Having thus skimmed off the cream, we refrain from meddling with the romance further than to say that the characters are drawn with force, the situations are often striking, and the localities painted with graphic truth and effect, whether they belong to the appearance of the country or the habits of the natives. Though the results are foreknown, we think the three volumes will be perused with sufficient interest by a vast majority of readers.

Sporting Scenes and Country Characters. By Martingale. With numerous Illustrations on Wood. 8vo. pp. 332. London, 1840. Longman.

LIKE a fine horse, not a wooden one, though it shines in that way, the present volume appeals to the eye by the glancing of its skin or binding, and the vivacity of its properties. Martingale is a popular writer on such subjects in the "Doncaster Gazette," and has enlarged his papers into this handsome and handsomely illustrated tome; the chief attractions of which, however, he ingeniously ascribes, in his preface, to the efforts of the artists employed upon it, Mr. Thomas Landseer, Mr. Davis, Mr. Alken, Mr. Dickes, Mr. Branston, and others. The generality of the numerous cuts which adorn it certainly do honour to their talents, and are fine specimens of the art. Several of them remind us of the exquisite performances of Bewick—for be it remembered, that though the mechanical of wood-cutting has been most successfully cultivated since his day, no one has ever yet surpassed, or can surpass, the truth and nature of his productions; with him the oak was an oak, the thorn a thorn, the fern a fern, the rush a rush, the ploughman a rustic, and the fisher, or fowler, a rural figure. The former were not scratches for the imagination to make out: the latter were not Cockneys or dandies* to be laughed at in every flood or field. The same may be said of his animals; and it is when we find authors like Mr. Low (see his "Domestic Breeds," No. I. to V., all reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*), and such

engravings as this volume displays, following in his footsteps, that we cheerfully award the highest degrees of praise to the execution of their undertakings. "Middleton, the winner of the Derby in 1825," from a portrait by Hancock, which is the title-page vignette, is a beautiful cut; "The Ripley Deer," by R. B. Davis, another; "The Rat-Catcher," T. Landseer (p. 311), not the wooden-legged Tallyrand humanity (p. 306), though he is unobjectionable; "Float-Fishing" (p. 300); "Wood-pigeon Shooting," a charming moonlight (p. 251); "Duck-Shooting" (p. 245), with the pony up to his knees in water; "Snipe-Shooting," all wintry (p. 236); "The Mole and Rabbit-Catchers," by Alken and Dickes, are all deserving of high commendation; but it is really invidious to particularise even the best where the general merits are so even. And of fifty there are not more than five to which we could urge a critical fault.

Of the letterpress, in as far as it is addressed to the various sports in hunting, shooting, and fishing, we shall only say that it is brief and knowing:—how knowing, our only example may suffice to indicate, whilst, at the same time, it illustrates the general tone and style of this work: the chapter is entitled "Tricks of Keepers and Poachers," and unbosoms the following:—

"It is said that there are tricks in every trade, and, assuredly, the keeper and the poacher, in pursuing each his respective calling, are not free from this imputation. There are, no doubt, many honest keepers, but it must be apparent, that the occupation of a keeper affords him innumerable opportunities for the commission of dishonest actions. He has the whole range of the estate; and, if he be mercenary, and has opened communications with the conveyancers, which he can do with perfect safety, particularly if the spot on which he resides be adjoining a turnpike road, he can carry on a secret trade in game to an almost unlimited extent. From his connexion with these *soi-disant* legal functionaries, the game-keeper becomes somewhat learned in the law, and understands all its technicalities. He knows particularly what a *fence* is; nor is his capacity circumscribed; for he has such an acquaintance with horticulture, that he knows what a *peach* is. But, if you believe him, in all his proceedings he is perfectly disinterested. The practice of allowing the gamekeeper to carry a gun is one of the means which he can most readily turn to his own advantage. It has, no doubt, a very plausible appearance: for, are there not vermin on the estate to be destroyed?—and must not his master's table be supplied with game? But, alas! it too often happens, that the gamekeeper's eyes, from some cause or other, become confused to such a degree, that he is apt to mistake a hare for a weasel, and a pheasant for a hawk. In consequence of the prevalence of this unfortunate failing, many gentlemen will not allow their keepers to carry a gun; but still, if they are so disposed, there are a thousand other means at their command for killing an unlimited quantity of game, by nets, traps, and snares. But it is not only by the unlawful use of his gun that the gamekeeper seeks to augment his income; he has other means at his command, which, though perhaps not so nefarious in a moral point of view, are no less deserving of notice and reprehension. Should, for instance, a gentleman, who visits his master for the purpose of a day's shooting, be known to the keeper as rather chary of his cash, he takes him to that part of the estate where there is

the least game; or, if he has particular orders to take him to the best preserves, knowing him to be a dead shot, he contrives to give the dogs of the unsuspicious stranger a good draught or two of butter-milk before starting, which has the effect of spoiling their noses, and of making them point when there are no birds, to the great mortification of the visitor, who wonders what really can be the reason why his dogs are so much at fault; his worthy companion, at the same time, declaring they are not worth their keep, or that the man who broke them knew nothing about his business. Besides this, there are other means to thwart the sport of the stranger, by marking wrong, or throwing the dogs off the immediate locality of the game. Of course, the conduct of the keeper is the reverse of this, when a gentleman pays well! There are two classes of poachers,—the day and the night poacher. The day poacher is usually solitary; night poachers, on the contrary, are gregarious. The solitary poacher, in most instances, displays more stratagem than those who go out in murderous gangs, clearing every thing before them, and braving, with a bold and determined front, every danger. The solitary poacher, for instance, perceives that a long drain, or a small rivulet, runs in a certain direction, separating field from field. The communication by the highway is over a bridge; and the hares, during the time of feeding, can only cross from one part to the other by the means of this bridge. Therefore, the poacher sets his net across the bridge, and waits in ambush. In the course of a short time, probably, a hare or two are caught in the net, when he is immediately at hand, and secures them. The same trick is resorted to at a gate which leads into a cover from an open field. The gate is thrown open, and the net fixed between the posts. A lurcher scours the whole field; the hares make for the wood immediately, and are entangled, and also secured. The same plan will likewise apply to rabbits, just at nightfall, or rather later. To these tricks may be added the fact, that the gun of the poacher is made to unscrew, so that he can put the breech in one pocket, and secrete the barrel on the other side of his jacket. The latter part of the gun can also be used, in case of danger, as a very formidable weapon of attack or defence. The poacher, besides, keeps two or three dogs of the lurcher breed; which answer his purpose best, as they hunt without giving mouth, possess a good nose, and are extremely sagacious animals. These dogs are kept in dark cellars, and are only taken out during the night, so that, in fact, they scarcely ever see the daylight. Nevertheless, they are as eager for the sport as their masters themselves, for whom they do good service in the destruction of game. In day poaching, a wet afternoon, a Sunday morning, or a market-day, are selected,—when the farmers are neither at home nor in the fields. Snares and nets are then set in every direction in the very heart of the preserves. A lurcher dog, properly trained for the purpose, that never barks, is then cast off by a motion of the hand to rouse the game, which is soon caught, and stowed away in sacks in some secret place, until the darkness of night prevails, when it is cautiously fetched away. If the poacher be detected in the cover, he motions his dog to leave the spot, which instantly obeys; he has nothing on him; he is not armed; and has a thousand excuses to make,—that he has lost his way,—is seeking for some stray cattle,—and is probably suffered to depart; not always, however, without a search; for, even under the simple garb of the

* Upon this ground we would object to Inskipp's "Fly-fisher," page 275. He is in masquerade.

shepherd the poacher endeavours to conceal his real character, and his booty."

Other devices are related, and then we have a clever *ruse* :—

"Among the many tricks resorted to by the poacher for the purpose of deceiving the keeper, a favourite one is, to place a dead hare in a snare near the house of the keeper, or in any other situation suitable for the purpose. The keeper soon discovers this, and proceeds, with an assistant, to watch the hare, secreting himself at a short distance, in expectation that the setter of the snare will come to the spot to fetch his victim. Whilst the deluded keeper is thus employed, the poachers are busily at work in another direction with their snares; and whilst he is watching the dead hare, they are securing as many as they can conveniently carry home."

Of the wholesale night-work in the woods by combined gangs of desperate poachers, the account is fearful; and we are told :—

"Great destruction is also effected by the drag-partridge net; for, by its skilful application, all the coverts of an estate may be secured in the course of a few nights. This engine—if engine it may be called—is about forty yards in length, and twenty-five yards in width. It is composed of silk and hair twisted together, with meshes at the proper distance. It is rather an expensive article, but is very strong, and, when folded up, can be contained in a moderate-sized pocket, which is a matter of very great convenience. Through the meshes on one side of this net, a long and stout cord is passed, considerably longer, indeed, than the net itself. On the other side, a number of weights are attached, for the purpose of keeping it down, while it is dragged by two men, who have each hold of one end of the long cord. They know well where the coverts assemble during the night. If, after proceeding to the locality, they find that one covert is close at hand, and that others are not a long way off, they use a 'call,'—a close imitation of the cry of the male bird. By exercising a little dexterity in this respect, three or four coverts can be decoyed into one field. When this necessary preliminary is accomplished, then commences the work of destruction. The net is spread out at a short distance from the adjacent hedge. Each man takes hold of his own end of the cord, and the net, weighted, is dragged across the field. The first attempt may be a failure. The next breadth is tried. It proves successful. The net is drawn over, perhaps, the whole of two coverts of birds, which immediately begin to flutter. Each man then lets the net fall to the ground, and commences to walk on the cord till the spot is reached where the partridges are caught; they are then killed and bagged. There is no noise,—no report of a gun, as in the case of killing pheasants. On the least approach of danger, the net is pocketed; and the poachers make the best of their way to the nearest highroad, or take a route so circuitous as to elude all detection, and arrive at home before daybreak."

With this we dismiss a volume which bids fair to have a prominent birth wherever the sports of the field are entertained with the gusto that gives delight to all true sportsmen, health to the weakly, and enjoyment to the lovers of nature.

Woman's Rights and Duties considered with relation to their Influence on Society, and on her own Condition. By a Woman. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840. Parker.

THIS has become a favourite topic of late

among the many new views of society which the clash of opinions has caused to bubble up, and exercise the speculations of discontent, theory, and the benevolent desire of improvement. A jargon has been invented for it, as well as the rest of the novel questions on which shallow brains delight to revel, and when we take up any work or writing connected therewith from the pen of an adept, instead of clear reasoning in plain language, we are dumfounded with such a rumble of phraseology that it is utterly impossible to gather one lucid idea from the confused mass. "What do ye read?" asked Polonius, and Hamlet answered, "Words—words—words." But these words, as afterwards explained, were fine satire and common sense; not so the words of our would-be political economists and ponderous scribes, all about physicals and physiologicals, and antagonism, and idealism, and developments, and marches of mind and intellect, and objective and subjective conditions, and all the cant of bastard science lugged into coalition with the rubbish of metaphysical unintelligibility. It is most ludicrous to read many of these absurdities smothered in verbiage, to make the foolish wonder and admire the genius of the writer; the well-informed wonder and admire what can be meant. Why do we dislike the prick of a pin? Set one of your grandiloquent fellows to discuss this point, and he will suffocate you with prodigious periods; and then

"He'd talk!—ye Gods! how he would talk!"

of physical interference with corporal ease being discovered by learning to be inconsistent with a due balance of physiological emotion, in which the consequent disturbance must, of necessity generate a reactive principle subversive of individual happiness, and decidedly injurious to the gradual progression of the social system towards the desideratum of universal exemption from evil, and the perfect incarnation of prospective felicity! There is no subject so small but these philosophical grubbists can pour out all their tediousness upon it, and in the end leave the student exquisitely ignorant of the minute primary, and, if there be a grain of sense in, the superabundant labour they have bestowed upon its illustration. What Shakspeare condemned in the bombastous, periwig-pated glories of the stage seems in our day to be transferred to the press; and we have every matter, however straightforward and simple, so densely obscured by these parrots of instruction, that, if not checked by timely contempt, we may look by and by for nothing but the chaff without the redeeming solid particle of wheat to excuse our search.

Now, the book before us is just the book to exercise talents, or want of talents, of the sort we have faintly indicated. Every opinion in it is liable to be dilated upon in the jargon we have described; and, when all is done, what the author has set down with great ability will only be rendered confused and mystical; for these volumes afford proof of much useful reading, a well-stored mind, an acuteness of perception, and a skilful application of the intelligence of "A Woman" to what is most important to her sex in the world in which we live. She writes fairly and dispassionately; urges no ridiculous hypotheses in mistaking petticoats for pantalons; but gravely and wisely seeks to shew where amelioration might 'take place in the relative concerns of the male and female in civilised union. She contends not against the subordination, but the degradation, of women; yields the unquestionable doctrine that difference of organisation foreordains difference

of duties; and concludes by insisting on the superior education of women, and raising their condition, in order to correct existing defects in society, owing to luxury, frivolity, and ignorance.

"Their influence (she concludes) is far from being disputed, perhaps it is sometimes over-rated: but still it exists, and must work good or evil. If neglected, it will scatter the seeds of evil far beyond the place of its own growth; but if it is to bring forth its best fruits, it demands more stirring motives than the feeble morality that contents itself with abstaining from direct criminality, and bolder guidance than an education that confines the views to the regulation of petty proprieties. If any thing urged in behalf of women tends to taking them out of their true sphere, I wish that it may be promptly and completely refuted; for nothing can be for the real good of society that is not built upon nature and reason; but it cannot be admitted that the interests of one part of society may, without any necessity, be lawfully sacrificed to those of another. Such a misfortune may occur, when the confusion of human affairs brings about a collision of interests; but it can never acquire the authority of a principle. The measure of the rights of women must be sought for in the real advantage of society at large; it must increase with their own intellectual and moral progress; for the influence of worth and intelligence is nearly irresistible. As the peculiar office of man is to govern and defend society, that of woman is to spread virtue, affection, and gentleness, through it: she has a direct interest in softening and humanising the other sex. Man is too rugged to be even just towards those whom he only loves, but does not respect; he is too powerful to be swayed by those whom he only respects, but does not love. The empire of woman must be won, not solely through his sense of justice, but by the grace and delicacy, the tenderness and purity, she diffuses through life; but her rights will neither add dignity to her social influence, nor bring practical security to her domestic station, except as they are found really to promote the virtue and happiness of society."

With this conclusion we entirely agree. We wish to see women possess the influence they now possess, by other and less worthy means, by such as our author advocates for them,—by their strength instead of their weakness,—by their sense instead of their follies,—by their innocence instead of their intrigues,—by directness instead of indirectness,—and by a high moral nature instead of caprice and suberviency to vicious inclinations: but, withal, still feminine; without that ingredient all the rest would be thrown away, and unproductive of good fruits. The history of the Amazons is a legend gone by, and we would cordially recommend in lieu thereof one of the sex clad in the panoply with which our Woman of these volumes has armed herself, for their sake, and the good of society, of which they must ever be the charm, the solace, the worship, and the glory.

The Romance of Jewish History. By the Misses C. and M. Moss. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Saunders and Otley.

ALLOWING for the ability displayed in this publication, and the laudability of the design, to picture the condition and manners of the Hebrew nation whilst yet in its great nascent and independent state, we must confess that the whole "mislikes us much." We can have no sympathy in the shape of Romance with the

mighty men—the princes, and princesses, and priests of Israel, who are known to us for good or for evil in the grand simplicity of the Books of Numbers, Chronicles, and Kings; and when we find them described in their councils and closets just like the heroes and heroines of chivalry or the later historical novel, we feel that invention has been thrown away upon an inappropriate subject. It is true that human nature is nearly the same in all ages and countries, being modified by circumstances, however, almost as strong and operative as Nature herself. And it is herein that writers, unless gifted with extraordinary talents, fail when they undertake tasks like the present. Their resemblances are too universal, instead of being drawn from individual and peculiar characteristics. King David and King Alfred are hardly different; and Joshua and the Duke of Wellington might, *mutandis*, change places without much incongruity. In short, the error lies in supposing it possible to throw a familiar or romantic interest about personages whose lineaments and deeds are already impressed upon the mind in the broad and bold sublimity of the sacred historians. The "Satan" of Michael Angelo could never be effectually represented as a painted devil by the cleverest artist of our time.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MOUNT ARARAT.

St. Petersburg, November 10.

THE following account of the earthquake which caused so much damage in Armenia during the last summer is derived from a perfectly authentic source:—

"On the 2d of July, towards sunset, the shock of an earthquake of one minute's duration was felt in the province of Armenia. The village of Akhaura, situated in the district of Sourmala on the declivity of Mount Ararat, as well as the monastery of St. James, which overlooked it, and the house of the Sardar, were destroyed by a falling of earth, stones, and ice, which were loosened from the mountain. Torrents of melted snow mixing with them desolated the fields and gardens to the distance of ten wersts (nearly seven miles). On the same day, at seven o'clock in the evening, three thousand houses, with their dependencies, were thrown down in the district of Scharour by a violent shock, in which thirteen men, twenty women, and 250 horned cattle, perished. At the same moment a shock, which continued about a minute, was felt in the fortress of Schonschia, and in several other places in the province of Karabagh, which did no damage in the fortress, but threw down a church and 160 houses in the province. The church of the ancient Armenian monastery Taliff was cracked at the east end; pieces of hewn stone from the roof and cupola fell down. Rocks situated in the neighbourhood of Schirger were overturned, and in their fall crushed a man, two women, and a great number of cattle. The road leading to Schirger was rendered so entirely impassable that the inhabitants could not communicate with each other except by means of ropes. On the 2d of July, at seven in the evening, several shocks were felt, at intervals of a minute, in the Khanat of Taly-schine, but did no damage. The same shocks were felt, at the same hour, in the towns of Tiflis and Alexandropol, but without any ill effects. In the whole district of Sourmala, and particularly in the environs of Mount Ararat, slight shocks, which did not continue above two or three minutes, occurred several times a day till the 8th. But on the 6th there was

another fall of earth from Mount Ararat, which brought down immense masses of rocks, and melted snow, which, rushing with great noise and extraordinary rapidity, destroyed, in two minutes, every thing that was in its way; so that there remains no trace of the fields and gardens for the distance of twenty wersts. In the villages at the foot of Ararat, a great number of houses were damaged, and though the fall of earth did not reach them, their fields have suffered much from torrents of melted snow."

St. Petersburg.—In the sitting of the Academy of Sciences on the 20th of September, Professor Parrot delivered the following address:—"The late fall of a considerable part of Mount Ararat is an event of such importance in the natural history of the earth, that I think it right to invite the especial attention of the Academy to it; and the more so, as the different accounts that have reached us respecting this dreadful phenomenon are very confused, and are at variance with each other. In ancient times, perhaps anterior to all history, a similar fall must have taken place. This is proved by an immense cavern, on the N.N.E. side of the mountain, which is called by the inhabitants "The Dark Cavern;" it begins above, in the regions of eternal snow, and extends downwards to the depth of 800 toises: the circumference must exceed 600 toises. The whole of the interior of this cavern presents almost perpendicular, uneven, and rent surfaces of lava, which give evidence of the operation of a prodigious power. The recent phenomenon seems to have been of a similar nature, but on a larger scale. An accurate examination will certainly procure us important information respecting the nature of volcanoes. The late catastrophe may, perhaps, allow the observer to examine this ancient volcano in its inmost recesses, or at least as far as the channel through which the masses of lava rose and were discharged: the lava must certainly still fill it up to its issue. Its direction upwards will be plainly marked by several indications, especially by little bladders which form furrows in the surface of the lava, and increase in extent as they are nearer to the summit. On these considerations, I propose to ask the consent of the government to the appointment of a scientific commission for the purpose of making an accurate examination of Ararat and the adjacent country. It will be very interesting and important to visit all the places covered with the fragments, and to observe the great detached masses, which will undoubtedly increase our knowledge of volcanic eruptions, their structure and composition. Perhaps the expedition may find large masses of sulphur, perhaps even openings in the sides, or at the bottom of the cavern, through which the volatilised sulphur escapes, and forms such kinds as in the Solfaterra, which would be highly important to Russia. The expedition must obtain as extensive information as possible respecting the various directions taken by the eruption; thus it will be able to discover the focus of these great convulsions, and, at the same time, that of the volcano. It will have to make an excursion into the lofty yet unexplored mountain-chain which bounds the rich and beautiful valley of the Araxes, to obtain a knowledge of its nature, which, perhaps, is also volcanic. If the Academy approves of my proposal, I will undertake to put together all the information I possess respecting volcanoes, for the purpose of drawing up the necessary instructions, and lay it before the Academy."

In conclusion, the learned Professor regret

ted that he could not propose his son (Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Dorpat) to conduct this expedition, as he was then labouring under a severe and dangerous illness. The latter, it is well known, made an accurate survey of Ararat a short time before the late catastrophe, and is perfectly acquainted with the locality.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

G. B. GREENOUGH, Esq. President in the chair.
—1. An extract of a letter from Major Rawlinson, dated Cabul, June 25th, was read, from which it appears that that gentleman was to proceed to Kandahar, from whence he thinks he shall be able to send home some information before the end of the year; he adds, that ere long we shall see the result of the geographical explorations of the last few years, in a grand map of Afghanistan, to be published by the India government. Major Rawlinson also states that he has collected materials for the comparative geography of Sindh and the Indus; and that he has discovered the position of the Arabian capital of Mansurah to be in the vicinity of the Manshur Lake, 180 miles from the position near Hyderabad, where it has hitherto been placed, to the serious distortion of all dependent sites. The letter also states that Mr. Edward Conolly (brother of the traveller) has lately made an interesting journey through Seistan.—2. A paper was then read from Mr. Ainsworth,* being an account, of an excursion from Mosul to Kalah-Shirkat and Al-Hadhar. The party, consisting of Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Mitford, Mr. Layard, and Mr. Rassam, besides an Arab of Tunis, left Mosul on the 18th of April. They first traversed the alluvial plain south of the city, where they found barley in ear and beans in flower; fig, almond, and mulberry trees were in full bloom, but the pistachio as yet only budding. On the sandy deposits of the river the water-melon had put forth its cotyledons, and doves and quails had returned a few days before from their migrations. The river being high, they turned up the rocky uplands west of the ruinous building called El-kasr in Lieut. Lynch's map, but better known at Mosul as El-Seramum. The Jubilah range of hills, consisting of gypsum and lacustrine and marine limestone, end near this spot, and were now clad with a beautiful vegetation. Crossing this range, and leaving the village of Bujiyari on their left, they descended upon another alluvial plain which was cultivated, and in which were situated the villages of Oraig and Kohnil Aabid, inhabited by Arabs pasturing their flocks on the Jubilah hills. At the end of the plain are the village and baths of Hammam-Ali, much frequented by the better classes from Baghdad and Mosul; the spring is abundant, evolving hydro-sulphurous acid, and giving off much bitumen; the water is sapid, and its temperature 116° Fahr. Leaving Hammam-Ali, they crossed an extensive plain, or Hawi, near the middle of which is the village of Saffatus, the Jenh of Lynch's map. Turning thence to the right, they came to the ruined village of Jehaina; after which their route continued over verdant prairies, till they arrived at Wadil-Gasab, or the valley of reeds. They then approached the Tigris, a few miles below the tomb of Sultan Abdallah, which was the extreme point reached by the Euphrates steamer in 1839. They next

* We learn with deep regret that Mr. Ainsworth has had the misfortune to lose his young and lovely wife in childbirth. The infant is also dead.

passed some bituminous springs, covering a space 100 yards in width and 500 long, leaving to the west the low hills called Tel-Gayara, which separate the Wadib-Gasab from the plains of the south. "This is the only case," says Mr. Ainsworth, "I know of springs of pure asphalt in Western Asia." The party halted for the night (the 19th) at the foot of a Tel on the banks of the Tigris, below the tomb of Haggi-Ali, from which it bore S. 30 W. Starting again on the morning (Monday, 20th), the party entered upon an extensive plain. The banks of the Tigris were well wooded and picturesque. The quantity of large wood is greater than on the Euphrates. After passing a brackish rivulet coming from the Wadi-el-Haekmar, some steep cliffs advancing upon the river forced them to turn inwards upon the uplands, where they came in sight of Kal-ah-Shirkat, situated in the midst of a beautiful meadow, well wooded, and watered by a small tributary of the Tigris. The sight of Kal-ah-Shirkat filled the travellers with wonder. The mound, which was in some places sixty feet high, and, at the sides, 909 yards in extent, was built up, in great part, of sunburnt bricks, but without intervening layers of reeds. On the northern face, which is the most perfect, as well as the highest, the travellers observed the remains of a wall of hewn stone, bevelled, and fitted with the greatest nicety. In a subterranean passage they found the head of a small urn. At the southern extremity they observed four round towers, built of burnt bricks, nine inches deep, and thirteen in width outwards, but only ten inwards, so as to adapt them for being built in a circle. These towers were probably wells connected with the Tigris. Over the whole surface were traces of stone edifices, with abundance of pottery: the whole is bounded by a ditch. After much search Mr. Rassam found a brick, on which were well-defined and indubitable arrow-headed characters. Mr. Ainsworth mentions the fact, interesting to travellers, that, although a fire may keep off the larger animals, it is no security against the smaller. A serpent, he says, found its way into the fire, though they were sitting round it; and, at Al-Hadhr, the same thing occurred with regard to a scorpion, while hundreds of coleopterous insects kept wandering round the verge of the ashes. On Tuesday the 21st, they left Kal-ah-Shirkat, keeping a little to the south of Wadi-el-Mehel, travelling over a continued prairie of grass and flowering plants; and having crossed the Ain-el-Thelieb, with a little stagnant water in it, they arrived at a range of limestone hills, whence they had an extensive view, but without yet discovering the ruins of Al-Hadhr. They, however, ascertained the termination of the Hamrûn range of hills, which has hitherto been incorrectly laid down. At length, after being cruelly disappointed in taking some craggy hills for the sought-for Al-Hadhr, the travellers discovered the ruins on the 22d. "They presented," says the narrator, "a magnificent appearance, and the distance at which the tall bastions appeared to rise as by enchantment out of the wilderness, excited our surprise. We were filled with wonder and admiration; no doubt in great part due, not only to the splendour of the ruins, but also to the strange place where the traveller meets with them—in *media solitudine*, as Ammianus so briefly but correctly expresses it." They found Arabs encamped here, seated by a spare camel-dung fire; they were of the Lamûd branch of the Shammar tribe, and were very troublesome to the travellers by their urgent inquiries as to where the treasure lay which

they came to seek for. They were, however, ultimately left to themselves, partly in consequence of Mr. Rassam explaining to them the real object of their visit, and partly in consequence of a report having spread among them that the travellers were being followed by an army. The ruins of Al-Hadhr were now examined in detail; and Mr. Ainsworth's party having more leisure for observation than Dr. Ross, who, it may be remembered, was, when he visited this place, stripped to his shirt by the Arabs, and narrowly escaped with his life; they have been enabled to see what had escaped Dr. Ross's observation, or what, from the continual change to which these ruins are subject, has been exposed since his visit. We cannot go at length into the detailed description of Al-Hadhr, nor abridge it without mutilation: we will merely observe that, from the variety in the character and dress of the sculptured heads, and from other circumstances, it seems difficult to determine by whom or when Al-Hadhr was built. On the face of the wall are two inscriptions, one in Chaldee, and the other in Arabic. On the 23d, the travellers turned back towards Mosul, where they arrived after a journey of sixty English miles. The paper concluded with an enumeration of the plants found in the region traversed. Mr. Ainsworth remarks of the phanerogamous plants which he collected near Mosul, that thirty out of forty were familiar British meadow, or wayside, plants.—3. An extract of a letter was read from Governor Gawler, dated June 25, stating that Mr. Eyre had left Adelaide on the 18th of that month, in the hope of being able to plant the British flag as near as possible on the tropic of Capricorn, in long. 135° or 136°.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER, V.P., in the chair.—Among the books presented were several volumes of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Berlin, and the first part of Mr. Gould's splendid work on the birds of Australia, containing figures of no less than twenty species. The descriptions include an account of the habits of the different species observed by him in his travels in New Holland and Van Dieman's Land. This subject is entirely new to European ornithologists.—There was exhibited the first part of Captain Harrie's magnificent portraits of the game and wild animals of Southern Africa, delineated from life in their native haunts.—Read, a note, On a White Incrustation observed on Stones found in the river Annan, Dumfriesshire, by Dr. Lankester, F.L.S. The incrustation was determined by Dr. Lankester to be the *Diatoma fasciculatum*, which has hitherto been regarded as a vegetable, but which Eherenberg has determined to be an animal, named by him *Synedia ulna*.—Read, also, a paper, 'On the Anatomy of the *Fucus vesiculosus*,' by Professor Don, Libr. L.S. The object of the paper is to point out the general structure of this common species of sea-weed.—Read, likewise, 'Observations on the Genus *Derbe* of Fabricius,' by J. O. Westwood, Esq. F.L.S. This genus of homopterous insects is divided into several distinct subgenera. The paper contains descriptions of several new species, and is illustrated by drawings.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 30 (Anniversary Meeting).—Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair.—The Report of the Council stated the number of members elected during the past session to be 23, making the total members of the Society 128.

The Report of the Curator announced the British Herbarium to contain 1155 species, including 20,022 specimens, which are in the course of arrangement to be distributed, in January next, to those contributing members (in proportion to their contributions) who are desirous of completing their several herbaria. The foreign specimens which have been presented to the Society by Dr. Von Martius, Dr. Gavin Watson, Dr. Krauss, and others, amount to between 13,000 and 14,000. The Reports were unanimously adopted.—The ballot for the Council for the ensuing year returned Mr. J. E. Gray (re-elected) as President, who thereupon nominated Mr. J. G. Children and Mr. Hewett C. Watson, Vice-presidents; Mr. J. Reynolds and Mr. D. Cooper were re-elected Treasurer and Curator; and Messrs. Samson and Woodward were appointed Assistants to the Curator.

PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, Dec. 1, 1840.

SITTING of November 23.—*Machine for Resolving Equations of the Seventh Degree.*—M. Lalanne presented to the Academy a new calculating balance of his invention, or rather improvement. Numerical equations, M. Lalanne observed, of a degree superior to the second, are of such common occurrence in questions of natural philosophy and applied mechanics, that artifices for their resolution are of no small value. Certain problems of physical astronomy lead to equations of the seventh degree; and M. Poncelet, in his general solution of the problem of the stability of embankments, has come to an equation of the sixth degree. M. Poncelet, as well as M. Leverrier, had given various methods of arriving at the roots of such equations; but in most cases the composition of the coefficients is exceedingly complicated, and the calculating of them longer than the calculation of the roots themselves the moment the equation becomes a numerical one. The principle of the machine proposed by M. Lalanne was, he acknowledged, not his own, but had been developed in the mathematical opuscula of M. Bérard, Professor at Briançon. The theory, however, of that gentleman it was found impossible to reduce to practice; and M. Lalanne had at length so far simplified and improved it as to be able to solve with great facility numerical equations up to the seventh degree inclusive. The principle was this:—Every numerical equation may be considered as representing the conditions of equilibrium between two arms of a lever, acted on by forces proportional to the coefficients of that equation, and acting at fulcral distances represented by the different powers of the unknown quantity. If the equation is made = 0, then the positive and negative coefficients relate to opposite arms; and the new machine is arranged in such a manner that the forces always act together at fulcral distances, which are to each other as the integral powers of a quantity, which is easily read off on a graduated scale, and expresses one of the roots of the equation.

Chemistry.—M. Peligot read a paper on the salts of lead. M. Proust had observed that metallic lead was dissolved in considerable quantity when it was put in contact with a warm solution of nitrate of lead; and that the new salt so produced was deposited while the liquid was cooling in brilliant yellow flakes. He thought that in this experiment the oxide of lead was reduced to a degree of oxidation inferior to the protoxide. M. Berzelius had opposed this opinion in 1812, and showed that the dissolution of the lead is effected, not by a reduction of the degree of oxidation, but at the

expense of the nitric acid contained in the salt employed. At the same time M. Chevreul had arrived at similar results; but in a memoir on this subject, had shown that his nitrates differed from those of M. Berzelius, since he had found water in his nitrate at the maximum, which M. Berzelius had not. M. Peligot had taken up the experiments of these chemists, and by pursuing them had found, 1. That there are three distinct combinations formed by the action of lead on the nitrate of lead; 2. That two of these combinations contain, not nitric acid, as hitherto supposed, but hyponitric acid. Thus this latter acid, composed of two volumes of azote and four of oxygen, appears susceptible, contrary to all hitherto received notions, of combining itself directly with its bases, at least so as to exist in combination with them.—M. Francy read a memoir 'On an Acid obtained from Palm Oil.' The researches of MM. Pelouse and Boudet, he observed, had shown that palm-oil became spontaneously saponeous; and the acid formed in that case had been examined, and found to possess great analogy with the margaric acid, although of a different composition; being represented by the formula $C_{64}H_{128}O_{8}$. When heated to 250° , the palmitic acid became crystallised in alcohol in small and very hard crystals; whereas it had previously crystallised in flakes. Its composition remained the same under either form, and it was volatile without decomposing itself. The examination of palmitate of silver and palmitate of ammoniac gave for anhydrous palmitic acid the formula $C_{64}H_{126}O_6$. M. Francy had succeeded in forming a series of chlorotic acids, by acting on the palmitic acid; the chlorine in each case displaying an equivalent quantity of hydrogen.

Refracting Powers of Liquids.—M. Regnault read to the Academy a brief analysis of two memoirs on this subject: one by MM. E. Becquerel and Cahours; the other by M. Deville. The first memoir observed, that the indices of refraction applying for the most part to bodies the constitution of which is not fully established, it was judged necessary to refer them all to one fixed and pure substance, as Sir D. Brewster had done; and they had adopted for that purpose distilled water, with its refracting index fixed at 1.333, according to a method employed by the Duke de Chaunes. They had deduced thence the following results: 1. That bodies of the same composition, and the densities of which in the liquid state are represented by numbers differing little from each other, possess an index of refraction which varies within very small limits, whereas it increases with the state of condensation of the substance. 2. That the liquid carburets of hydrogen of nearly equal densities have a refractory power so much the greater as they contain more carbon. 3. That for liquids formed of carbon and oxygen, the index of refraction and the refracting powers are the more considerable according as the substance is more oxygenated; that is to say, when their densities are nearly equal. 4. That according as chlorine, bromine, or iodine, became accumulated in substances of the same family, the index of refraction became larger. And 5. That the viscosity of a substance had great influence on its refracting powers. M. Deville, as the second memoir stated, had used Babinet's goniometer, and had determined, with much precision, the refracting power of alcohol mixed in different degrees with water. He had then found the maximum to be for alcohol mixed with one atom of water, and that it then diminished according as more water was added.

Acetic acid had also proved to have its maximum when it was at a maximum of density. The isomeric substances, examined by M. Deville, had all presented the same indices of refraction; but it was necessary that they should have not only the same density, but also the same degree of viscosity, for this to be true. Thus, the greater part of the essential oils, represented by C_5H_4 , which was a formula isomeric with that of turpentine, and which were nearly all equally dense and equally viscous, were in this case.

The Marquis de Jouffroy's Palmipede Steam-paddle.—M. Darlu made an important observation to the Academy relative to a defect in the imitation of the action of palmipede birds in the water, upon the principle of which this invention was founded: viz. that in the drawing back of the foot towards the body after the impelling stroke had been given, not only was the resistance of the water diminished by the contracted form of the foot, but also by the smaller degree of velocity with which the drawing back took place. This difference of velocity in the two movements was to be observed, M. Darlu remarked, not only in the action of palmipede birds in the water, but in that of the wings of birds in the air. He thought that this principle might be applied at all events to mercantile steamers, when the concealing of the paddle below water was not so important, and that the paddle might be much helped in being folded and drawn back to the vessel by the action of the air alone.

The members of the African Scientific Commission have lately visited the small island of Galita, off the Tunisian coast; and have found it to be entirely of volcanic origin. The rocks are of compact lava, capable of being quarried for building purposes: a small quantity of spongy lava was also observed. On the summit of the volcano peak, the ruins of a *pharos*, or tower, were observed; and at the bottom of a ravine, down which a small water-course existed, the ruins of basins or docks were made out. Several medals were picked up on it; among them, three of Carthaginian, and one of Arabian, origin. Upon the elevated rocks, where considerable moisture is maintained by the clouds, a considerable quantity of lichens were collected. It was calculated that the island might support about forty families: three Italians were on it, believed to be smugglers, but ostensibly employed in collecting plants for dyeing purposes. The island supports a considerable number of wild goats, which browse upon all the young shoots of plants as they spring up, otherwise there was every reason to conclude that the island would be covered with timber.

M. Munck writes from Cairo that he has discovered there an ancient synagogue built previous to the siege of Jerusalem by Titus.

A new system of military bridges has been proposed to the Autic Council of War at Vienna. The principle consists in reverting to the old Cæsarean method of piles, instead of pontoons. It is said to be highly thought of.

Books.—Professor F. Michel, of Bordeaux, is about to publish the "Cancionero" of Juan Alphonso de Baena, the MS. of which, formerly preserved in the library of the Escorial, is now in England. Baena lived at the commencement of the fifteenth century; he abjured Judaism and became secretary to Don Juan II: he then collected all the poems he could find of the ancient Spanish troubadours, and formed the MS. in question, which he gave to the king, his master. A small number of fragments from this collection have been published by

Castro; but the edition of the learned Professor will be the first complete edition.—The Marquis de Salvo, whose "Voyage en Sicile" obtained him great credit, has published a small but interesting collection of literary anecdotes and essays under the modest title of "Papiers Detachés."—M. Alexander von Humboldt has lately completed the publication of his deceased brother's important work, "On the Kawi Language in the Island of Java." This work now forms three quarto volumes; and arrangements are making for a translation of it into French.—The learned work of Professor Von Huber of Marburg "On the Universities of England" is now in process of translation into English, by a member of the University of Cambridge, resident in Paris, and is very nearly finished. It is to be published next spring in London.

The telescopes of the Paris Observatory have been kept constantly on the look-out for the comet discovered by Dr. Bremker of Berlin on the 27th of last October,—making the fourth discovered this year: but we have not heard whether its elements have yet been calculated. It was in the tail of *Draco* when first seen.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, November 26th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity (by Accumulation).—Rev. H. J. Knapp, Pembroke College.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. F. Bulley, Fellow of Magdalen College.

Masters of Arts.—Hon. and Rev. W. Howard, Rev. C. J. Marsden, & P. Severo, Christ Church; Rev. H. Highton, Queen's College; Rev. J. T. Ludlow, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Roberts, Grand Compounder, W. H. Jones, E. Holland, Magdalen Hall; F. Dyson, New Inn Hall; J. Acres, Lincoln College; B. Chevallier, C. R. Hay, Brasenose College; B. Price, Pembroke College; J. H. Nicholls, H. G. Hunsen, Oriel College; J. Baker, Worcester College; W. G. Henderson, A. A. Barker, Magdalen College.

Cambridge, November 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Physic.—F. Branson, Caius College.

Bachelor in Divinity.—E. Thomson, Catherine Hall.

Bachelors in the Civil Law.—R. K. Longden, W. F. Dodson, Trinity Hall.

Masters of Arts.—C. A. Dashwood, Corpus Christi College; T. F. Stooks, Trinity College; J. E. E. Bowes, Trinity College; E. Antrobus, St. John's College; S. Moon, R. J. Hope, Catherine Hall; A. Leith, Trinity College; W. T. N. Billopp, Emmanuel College; B. Kidd, Queen's College; S. W. Hinkson, Catherine Hall; R. W. Stevens, C. H. Hosken, E. Whitley, T. B. Foulkes, Queen's College; J. S. Forbes, Christ's College; J. A. Hatchard, Corpus Christi College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The following medals were awarded at the anniversary meeting:—

One of the Royal Medals to Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Bart. V.P.R.S., for his paper entitled 'On the Chemical Action of the Rays of the Solar Spectrum on Preparations of Silver and other Substances, both metallic and non-metallic, and on some Photogenic Processes,' published in the Society's "Transactions" for 1840.

The other Royal Medal was awarded to C. Wheatstone, Esq., for his paper entitled 'Contributions to the Physiology of Vision,' published in the Society's "Transactions" for 1838.

The Rumford Medal was awarded to M. Biot, for his researches in, and connected with, the circular polarisation of light.

The Copley Medal for the present year was awarded to Prof. Liebig, for his discoveries in organic chemistry, and particularly for his development of the composition and theory of organic radicals.

Another Copley Medal was awarded to M. Sturm, for his 'Mémoire sur la Revolution des Equations,' &c., published in the "Mémoires des Savans Etrangers," for 1835.

Officers of the Royal Society for 1841:—

The Marquess of Northampton was re-elected President; Sir John William Lubbock, Bart. M.A., Vice-President and Treasurer; Peter Mark Roget, M.D. and Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq. M.A., Secretaries; John Frederick Daniell, Esq., was elected Foreign Secretary. The other Members of the Council are—George Biddell Airy, Esq. M.A. A.R.; Sir John Barrow, Bart. V.P.; Thomas Bell, Esq.; Wil-

William Thomas Brande, Esq.; Richard Bright, M.D.; Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart.; The Earl of Burlington, V.P.; Bryan Donkin, Esq.; William Henry Fitton, M.D.; Edward Forster, Esq.; The Very Rev. George Peacock, D.D. V.P.; Richard Phillips, Esq.; The Rev. Baden Powell; Major Edward Sabine, R.A. V.P.; Lieut.-Col. William H. Sykes; Rev. Robert Willis, M.A.

THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, Vice-President, in the chair. —Mr. Halliwell communicated a copy of an unpublished MS. relative to the confiscation of the estates of Roger Bigot, earl of Norfolk, and the descent of the estates and earldom of Norfolk to the family of Mowbray. —Mr. C. R. Smith commenced an account of a very curious and singular onche or broche in his possession, found in digging a sewer in Thames Street, nearly opposite Dowgate Lane:—in the centre is a crowned head, of which all the lines are shewn by a fine gold thread, the intermediate spaces being filled with enamel, and surrounded by a border of flagree in gold, with four pearls. It was very difficult to guess at the age of this gem by any comparison, as it is almost *sui generis*, but Mr. Smith considered it to be Saxon, of English workmanship, from a Byzantine model.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 9 P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 3 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 3 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.; Guy's Hospital Physical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pictureque Views on the River Niger, Sketched during Lander's last Visit in 1832-33. By Commander William Allen, R.N. F.R.G.S. &c. &c. London, 1840. Murray; Hodgson and Graves; Ackermann.

On the eve of departing on another toilsome expedition to the Niger, Captain Allen has laid before the public these interesting memorials of his former voyage. They are dedicated by permission to Prince Albert, and delineate some of the picturesque and remarkable scenery on the Quorra and greater Chadda, which joins it from the eastern parts of Sudan and Nigritia, about 270 miles from the sea. Of this junction Captain Allen says:—

"The most beautiful scenery on the banks of the Niger is in the neighbourhood of the confluence of this river with the Chadda. Although the Niger will always command the greater interest, the latter is to all appearance the more important; since, at its junction, it is about a mile and a half wide, while the Niger is scarcely half a mile. The mountains below the confluence are irregular in their outline, and about 3000 feet high:—a part of the Kong range, which was formerly supposed to turn the course of the Niger to the interior, cutting off its communication with the sea, and puzzling geographers of all ages. Those above the confluence, on both sides, are uniform tabular elevations of about 1200 feet, with a sloping talus covered with beautiful woods, and surmounted by perpendicular cliffs about thirty or forty feet high, cresting them with the appearance of an immense fortification, where imagination might trace turrets and watch-towers without number:—

* Buttress and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower."

The sketch is a magnificent one, nearly three

feet in length. The other engravings are spirited representations of the features of the country, of the natives, and of their residences, palavers, processions, &c. &c. From the descriptive letterpress we learn that the vast Delta (160 miles square) is intersected in every direction by branches and creeks, and the whole flood is finally poured into the ocean by twenty-two estuaries. Here, as well as higher up, the population is swarming, and the vegetation enormous. What should we think of grasses fifteen feet in height?

At the present juncture, the annexed passage must be considered of much importance:—

"If (says Captain Allen) there be one thing which can more than another be pronounced as characteristic of the natives of the interior of Africa, it is the love of traffic. This is, indeed, their ruling passion. All are traders, from the king to the slave children who wander about the whole day, with their little baskets of sweetmeats on their heads. It is highly gratifying to find that this feeling, which is the first step in national advancement, has attained a systematic regularity, in the establishment of markets in all the towns and villages of any importance; which are there usually held every fourth day. Besides these, at some parts of the river commercial meetings or fairs are held, to which, as in more civilised countries, the merchants, or rather brokers—for all trade is carried on by their intervention—resort from all the towns situated within reach, on the banks of the river. The most important of these—indeed, the grand emporium of the commerce of all the nations below Rabba—is the Bokwèh, or Iccory Market, which Lander said was the same as that held at Kiri at the time of his capture; and, in consequence of that event, it was broken up by his old friend Abokko. To this centre flows the produce of the interior, to be exchanged for European merchandise—of very inferior quality,—which is brought from the coast. The neutrality of these reunions is professed to be held sacred, whatever wars may be in the land; and cheering, indeed, to humanity, would be the principle on which they are established, were it strictly acted upon. It would be beautiful in Africa—the hot-bed of violence and rapine—where every man's hand is raised against his fellow to enslave him,—could we vouch for the existence of such a *trêve-dieu*, especially if sanctified to the exercise of peaceful and legitimate commercial intercourse; but their neutrality has been frequently violated by the avarice and tyranny of surrounding princes, and the staple commodity, alas, is man! A foundation is nevertheless already prepared, in the deeply-rooted practices and most favourite pursuits of the inhabitants, on which, if we can succeed in directing them to their true and inexhaustible resources, a noble superstructure may be raised. Every important consequence, therefore, which we can hope to attain,—whether it be the encouragement of industry, the extension of useful arts, or the propagation of true religion,—must attend our efforts, in proportion as we strike powerfully, but with judgment, on that chord which already vibrates so freely throughout Africa."

As there is a warm discussion going on respecting the feasibility and prospects of the expedition about to depart for the Niger, it is somewhat satisfactory to read this unvarnished statement of a competent eye-witness, which puts the matter in an unexaggerated light, and fairly points at the sources and means on which hopes of success, and to what extent

may be founded. The beginning must be on a limited scale; and no immediate results of magnitude ought to be expected. But what was the commencement of our Indian empire? In good time the seed may become a tree and yield abundant fruits. What has caused the African Expedition to be assailed with such force, has been the far too sanguine and blindly enthusiastic terms in which some of its promoters have endeavoured to recommend it to the public patronage. There has been no measure to their visionary projects, and to listen to them it might be thought that an entire quarter of the habitable globe was to be transformed in a twinkling, as by the wand of a necromancer or harlequin. This excessive zeal has injured the cause, and afforded its opponents powerful handles to question its expediency and practicability—to impugn the judgment of its advocates, who have confessed to the utter failure of all their preceding attempts—and to demand that no more European lives and resources shall be lavished on what they denounce as a wild-goose scheme. But let the matter be moderately propounded and candidly considered, and we see no reason to despair of effects most acceptable to humanity. Do not let us puff ourselves up too much with Quixotic ideas of extinguishing the slave-trade and civilising millions of jealous barbarians by Utopian plans; yet, on the other hand, let us try the good work, let us begin and see how the experiment answers. Introduce, if only at one point, the finger of improvement, and with God's blessing, and in His appointed time, the undertaking may prosper to His glory and the benefit of mankind. Let rational human principles be applied to its advancement, and not injudicious panegyric to bolster up preposterous expectations; and then neither its friends need be ashamed of it, nor its adversaries have the power to hurt it. Captain Allen's practical notions are infinitely preferable to the high-flown and, it must be confessed, on several points, altogether incongruous doctrines laid down in the Society's Prospectus, and the vague, yet mighty, inflations with which oratory has wounded this excellent design.

A chart of the stream navigated in 1832-3 is prefixed to these *Views*; and we take our leave of their author with the most heartfelt wishes for his happy return, after a prosperous issue to his present enterprise, and a hope that neither he nor any of his companions will meet with such misadventures as he uses a very whimsical word to describe, in his 16th page, where he says:—

"The King of Attah, or Iddah, had committed so many acts of incivility, as cutting off our provisions, poisoning some of our people, &c." May Heaven preserve our brave countrymen from such incivilities in all time to come!

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Monday a number of beautiful and interesting novelties were produced here, and performed with great applause. It is quite a treat to witness Musard leading his well-drilled band. He seems as if he were part of the music, and every motion an effect. The slow, the quick, the tender, the bold, the melancholy, the warlike, are all expressed in corresponding action, equal to any thing ever seen in dramatic pantomime or ballet. The arm uprising with measured gravity is suddenly checked, and down comes a burst of harmony. Anon, the eye and the hand move with rapidity, and the vibration of a hundred strings keep accurate time. Again the wand is elevated over head, and the wind instruments

evolve a rush of sounds to shake the wide theatre. The imagination is excited, and we behold, as it were, Apollo in the midst of Parnassus, controlling the elements, and leading mortals captive by the ear. Only the Muses are wanting; and we must endeavour to fancy them in nine of the prettiest and most likely girls in the centre-pit or dress circle around. And only two weeks more are promised of the present engagement; they ought not to be lost by the lovers of admirably selected instrumental music admirably played. The overture to *Cenerentola* opens the ball, and is followed by some pleasing values by Launer, and the overture (Mehul) to *Le Jeune Henri*. A MS. military quadrille of Musard's introduces five solos on the cornet-pistons by Herr Kenig, and on the trombone by M. Dantonet. We are then treated with a historical *mélange* of old French airs, arranged by Musard, and belonging to the 12th, 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. These are not only charming melodies, but curious as musical antiquities; they consist of:—1st. "La Clochette," a popular air in the time of Henry III., king of France (1500); 2d. Song, composed by Clement Marot (1400); 3d. "Choral, with Ritournelle," composed by Louis XIII., king of France (1600); 4th. "Sarabande," composed by Colin Muret (1240). We advise our friends to hear them. A fantasia from *Norma*, and a quadrille from Auber's *Zanetta*, embodied oboe, clarinet, horn, cornet-à-pistons, flageolet, trombone, piccolo, and ophicleide: solos by Barret, Lazarus, Jarrett, Kenig, Collinet, Dantonet, Frish, and Prosper; and there are, also, a rich bassoon solo "La Melancholie," by Willett Bordogni, and an admirable, though rather long, concertante from *Il Pirati*, by Messrs. Pillet, violin, and Laffre, violoncello. In the opening of the second part, Lord Burghersh's overture, *Catherine*, is played with great precision and effect; and other pieces of various merit, fill up the measure of these very captivating evening promenades. It is impossible but that they must produce two important results—the cultivation of a more refined public taste for dramatic music, and a consequent improvement in all our theatrical orchestras and musical performances. After listening to a Drury Lane night such as we have described it is, the old poker-and-tongs noise is not endurable.

Haymarket.—During the absence of Macready, Mr. Wallack has been called upon to sustain characters in the highest walks of tragedy; and acquitted himself with great ability. It is a serious disadvantage to a performer to be popular in another line of acting, and against this Mr. Wallack has had to contend; but still, if we may judge from the applause he has received, he has shewed powers for the stage of a more varied and elevated description, to the entire satisfaction of the public.

Prince's Theatre.—The Olympic farce, *A Captain for a Day*, was brought out here on Monday, as Captain (Query?); and Mr. T. Lee performed the leading part, an impudent Irish footman, who adopts his master's uniform, and, as his *locum tenens*, gambles, fights, makes love, and kicks waiters. The character is bustling. Mrs. Selby, as an Irish washerwoman, and Mr. Lewis, as the quiet kickee waiter, have parts of no great consequence, but they make the most of them.

Adelphi.—It is always a satisfaction to write our notice of the new productions at the Adelphi, for Mr. Yates is a most indefatigable caterer for the public amusement, and the articles he caters for it are almost invariably of a

pleasant description. On Monday, nearly simultaneously with the completion of the work of Messrs. Ainsworth and Cruikshank,—"the Tower," with its fine illustrations, was placed on the Adelphi stage, and met with a deserved success; for no cost or care had been spared in making the play worthy of the novelist and artist from whose pen and pencil the materials for the drama are derived. The entire strength of the company was employed in embodying the characters; but, as we shall return to this subject in our next, we have only to recommend our readers to read the book and see the play.

VARIETIES.

Schloss's English Bijou for 1841.—We noticed the advent of this "small deer," which has now been a favourite fashionable food for half-a-dozen years. On the present occasion, Mrs. Norton is the "fairy midwife," and has done her spiriting gently, sweetly, and feelingly; and the little thing, in its pretty cradle-case of morocco or velvet, as it may be, looks just like a baby princess-royal enfolded in her silken cot. Both bid fair to be vastly popular. We have already mentioned the portraits which illustrate this minikin Annual, with its calendars, chronologies, and royal, ministerial, courtly lists; to be seen and read through a magnifying glass, so large that it almost needs another magnifying glass to see it; and it only remains for us to quote an example of Mrs. Norton's poetical contributions, for which purpose we select that difficult one which she was required to write on her own portrait:—

"This task was thine,* whose noble part
It was, with warm, unselfish heart,
To coin thy talents to repay
The kindness shewn in childhood's day!
A life of struggles—death of pain:
These were thy fate; but not in vain
Thy earnest aspirations proved,
Nor generous care for friends below.
When o'er me rests the funeral stone;
And great and little tasks are done,
As kindly thought on let me be,
As friends and strangers think of thee."

Need we add that a handsomer gift and remembrance of the season can hardly be presented to young or old, home or distant, friends? For the latter, its easy transmission is a grand recommendation.

Murphy's Weather Almanack for the ensuing year is equally firm in its meteorological predictions as ever. In several papers, not very clearly worded, Mr. Murphy ascribes any previous failures to comets and other disturbing causes; and, finally, enounces a new universal theory, opposed to Newton and all other philosophers, in which he declares the whole system to depend on meteoric action. In other respects the Almanack has its fair share of the usual referential matters.

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository for 1841. (Pawsey, Ipswich; Longman and Co., London.)—We are annually called upon to notice with approbation this neat and well-conducted provincial pocket-book. Its local attractions are laudable, both in picture and poetry. The neighbouring and county gentry have their residences engraved for embellishments; and all the young and feminine talent round is exercised on those pleasing trifles which rejoice in the names of enigmas, charades, &c. &c. Prizes are given for the best; and it would puzzle us amazingly to decide the Helen for the golden apple. The usefulness and conveniences of a memorandum and house-book are not forgotten.

The American Diver has, during the week been edifying the public by leaping off the cen-

tre lamp-post on Southwark Bridge into the Thames, every afternoon. It is really an extraordinary feat. He darts down like an arrow, head foremost, and even speaks during his descent, so as to be distinctly heard announcing the repetition of his performance for the morrow.

Mr. Willman, to whose clarinet we and many of our readers have so often listened with delight, is mentioned in the newspapers to have died, after a long illness.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A Manual of British Algae (Seaweeds). By the Hon. W. H. Harvey.—A Journal of a Winter at the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas. By Henry Bullar, Esq. and Dr. Joseph Bullar.—A History of Ludlow. By the Hon. Mr. Clive.—The Vicar of Wakefield, with Designs engraved by Thompson, from Drawings on the Wood by W. Mulready, R.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Outlines of a New Plan for Tilling and Fertilising Land, by T. Vaux, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Elements of Chemistry, by R. Kane, M.D. Part I. 8vo. 6s.—Select Remains of the late Rev. J. Cooke, by the Rev. Dr. Redford, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.—Dr. Traill's Outlines of Medical Jurisprudence, 2d edition, post 8vo. 5s.—Nichols's Cities and Towns of Scotland, Part I: Aberdeen, folio, price 12s. 6d.—W. Hazlitt's Lectures on English Comic Writers, 3d edition, 12mo. 6s.—Narrative of Three Months' March in India, by the Wife of an Officer, with Eight Plates, post 8vo. 12s.—E. Osler's Life of Lord Exmouth, new edition, fcap. 6s.—The Chief of Glen-Orchay: Highland Manner in the Middle Ages, fcap. 5s.—The Certainties of Geology, by W. S. Gibson, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—History of Great Britain and Ireland, by Miss Julia Crerar, fcap. 10s.—Wild-Flowers from the Alps, by E. L. L., 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Elementary Practice of the Courts of the Theobald, 12mo. 12s.—The Comic English Grammar, post 8vo. 8s.—The Life and Correspondence of S. Peypys, F.R.S., 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Chitty on the Law of Contracts, third edition, royal 8vo. 28s.—Pastoral Annals, by an Irish Clergyman, fcap. 6s.—Jewett's Christian Visitor: Genesis to Job: fcap. 3s. 6d.—Peace for the Christian Mourner: Select Extracts: Edited by Mrs. Drummond, fcap. 5s.—Gow on Partnership, third edition, royal 8vo. 23s.—Martin's Conveyancing, royal 8vo., by C. Davidson, Vol. IV. Part II. 14s.—Hutton's Recreations in Mathematics, a New Edition, by E. Riddle, 8vo. 16s.—Hutton's Course of Mathematics, by Rutherford, 8vo. 16s.—Stothard's Illustrations to the "Pilgrim's Progress," 4to. 15s.—Literary Leaves, by D. L. Richardson, 2d edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Elphinstone, by Alfred Butler, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Letters Illustrative of the Reign of William the Third, edited by G. P. R. James, Esq., 3 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Gresley's Siege of Lichfield, new edition, fcap. 4s.—Bible Stories, by G. M. Bussey, square, 5s.—Lessons on Colour, by Frank Howard, No. 1. 2s. 6d.—Harwood's Landscape Annual for 1841, fifty Plates, 4to. 12s.—Crabbe's Digest and Index of all the Statutes, royal 8vo. 2s. 2d.—Retzsch's Outlines to Shakespeare's "Tempest," 74s. 10s.—The Advantages of Loan Societies, by T. B. Hughes, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Plain Sermons, by Contributors to Tracts for the Times, Vol. II. 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Dramatic Works of J. S. Knowles, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Practical Observations on Strictures of the Urethra, by R. Wade, Esq., 5s.—On the Phenomena of Sensation, by J. Johnstone, M.D. 8vo. 8s.—Practical Remarks on Strabismus, or Squinting, by E. W. Duffin, 8vo. 6s.—Retrospect of a Military Life, by J. Anton, 12mo. 7s.—On Digitalis in the Treatment of Idiopathic Epilepsy, by E. Sharkey, M.D. 4s.—Klatsowski's German Practice, 2 vols. in one, 12mo. 8s.; Key to the same, 6s.—Klatsowski's French Practice, 2 vols. in one, 12mo. 8s.; Key to the same, 6s.—Klatsowski's Italian Practice, 2 vols. in one, 12mo. 8s.; Key to the same, 6s.—The Story without an End, in German, square, 3s.—Tendrils Cherished; or, Home Sketches, by E. B., 18mo. 2s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1840.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 26	From 22 to 41	30.33 stationary
Friday .. 27	.. 21 .. 41	30.29 .. 30.31
Saturday .. 28	.. 21 .. 35	30.30 .. 30.24
Sunday .. 29	.. 19 .. 35	30.20 .. 30.12
Monday .. 30	.. 30 .. 50	30.00 .. 29.99
December.		
Tuesday .. 1	.. 48 .. 56	29.83 .. 29.95
Wednesday 2	.. 36 .. 47	30.00 .. 30.22

Wind, north-east on the 26th and following day; north on the 27th and morning of the 28th; afternoon and evening of the 29th, east; south-west on the 30th ult. and 1st inst.; north-west on the 2d.

On the 26th and following day, generally clear; the 28th and 29th, foggy; the 30th ult., a general overcast, a few drops of rain in the afternoon; the 1st inst., generally cloudy, rain in the morning; the 2d, clear.

We have, as on the 16th ult., again to remark upon the extraordinary change in the temperature; viz. on the 29th of November and following day, an increase of thirty-one degrees.

Edinburgh.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

* "L. E. L."

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Tabular View of the Amount of Additions, Retrospective or Vested, and Contingent Prospective, declared at 31st January, 1845.

Year of Entry	Sum Assured.	Total Benefit with Vested Additions at 31st Jan. 1845.	Sum Payable if deceased takes place after Payment of the Premium due in 1845.
1815	£1000	£1587 4 6	£1809 8 7
1820	1000	1845 4 0	1530 10 7
1825	1000	1850 14 0	1436 1 2
1830	1000	1774 4 0	1338 11 9
1835	1000	1080 0 0	1201 4 0

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Masters of the Bench of the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple.—Mr. R. H. Essex is about publishing, by Subscription, a Lithographic Print, from a Drawing he has just completed, of the Interior of the Temple Church, London. A List of the present Subscribers, with further particulars, may be had, upon application to Mr. R. H. Essex, 15 York Buildings, New Road, where the Drawing will shortly be exhibited.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.
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